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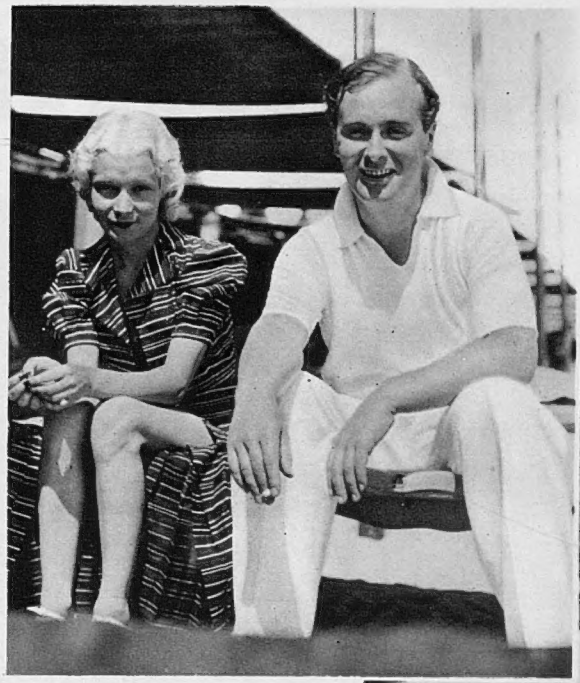
Miriam Hopkins in Her First Crazy Comedy

This lovely, intense young actress from Pasadena, with the profound eyes and sympathetic mouth, has usually been cast in parts of a much more sombre hue than her present one at the London Pavilion; and you wouldn't think, from this still out of *Woman Chases Man*, that it was a crazy comedy. But it is; and upside-down, as its title infers, Joel McCrea being the serious and cautious young man who is enlivened by Miss Hopkins' chase. She was over in England last year to make *Men Are Not Gods* for Korda and before that we saw her triumph in the film of *These Three*. Before that, and some other films, she was on the New York stage and didn't want to leave it, and before that, well, she was a schoolgirl who hoped to make her name as a writer

On the Lido

The Venetian Sun Shone

Lady Patricia Latham, Lord Drogheda's daughter and châtelaine of the lovely Hurstmonceaux Castle in Sussex, wore a printed sunbathing frock and great big beads



Sir Keith Fraser was out there with his Chilean-born wife: she was Blanca de Undurraga y Sandiford and lived in Paris before her marriage in '34

Right: Countess Court Haugwitz-Reventlow had spent the whole of August on the Lido with her baby son, Lance

Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow

Miss Diana and Miss Elizabeth Charrington were on a motoring tour. At Kitzbühel they stuck a pin into the map to see where to go next and the answer was Venice: hence the Tyrolean dresses in St. Mark's Square. They are daughters of Colonel Harold Charrington

The Duchesa de Villarosa was arm-in-arm with Mr. Robert Goelet of New York—her son by her first marriage

Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke had flown themselves from Deauville and planned to go on down the Dalmatian coast

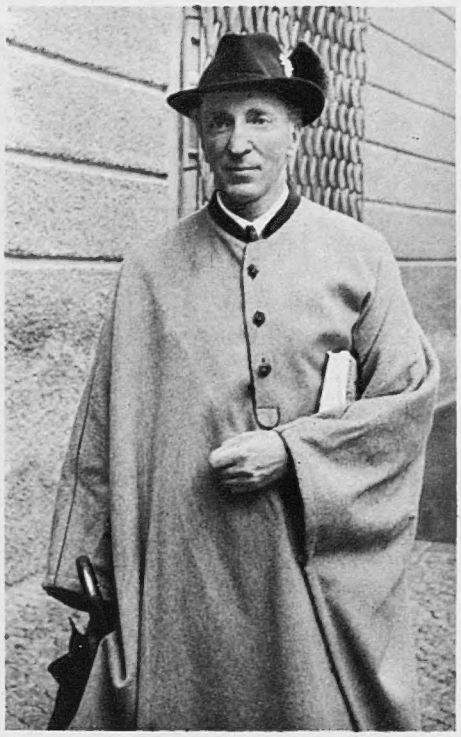
Celebrities at Salzburg

Marlene Dietrich

" Hoch, Marlene ! " is the cry when she appears ; the Austrians love her and her seven-year-old daughter, who is out there with her

M. et Mme. Guitry

Sacha Guitry and his vivacious brunette wife, Jacqueline Delubac, came over to Salzburg from their holiday headquarters at Kitzbühel



Baron Franckenstein

Baron Georg Franckenstein, who in August unveiled a memorial to the poet von Hoffmannsthal in Salzburg, was dressed for rain

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THERE seems to be no doubt that the first reports of the inefficiency of the Chinese Air Force were all wrong. It is true that over Shanghai they have achieved practically nothing except the occasional dropping of a bomb by mistake into the International Settlement, but this is due to the overwhelming anti-aircraft fire which can be concentrated by the thirty Japanese warships lying in the Wang Pu River. There is, however, a very different story inland. A Japanese squadron bombing Nanking has been annihilated by Chinese pursuit aeroplanes, and it is thought that, altogether, about forty Japanese bombers have been shot down. The Chinese trouble in the air is, of course, their shortage of machines in comparison with the Japanese. Man for man, they are probably better pilots.

One moral of the Wang Pu River is obviously that warships are gaining an increasing ascendancy over aircraft. This may not suit the Chinese, but it certainly suits us in Western waters.

THE course of events in the Spanish war will, for the next few weeks, turn upon a tricky point of strategy. The insurgents, having mopped up Santander, will have the choice either of continuing their recent " side-show " policy and invading Asturias, or of returning to the main theatre of war and trying to encircle Madrid. From the point of view of prestige the former is tempting ; the Asturians have no air force and no tanks. But it is not so very long until the winter comes, and if Madrid is not captured before the snows block the high passes in the Sierras, the patience of the Italians and Germans may well give out.

Kemal Ataturk has issued a firm statement to the Mediterranean Powers. Any submarine in Turkish territorial waters which refuses to disclose its identity will be attacked with all the forces at his disposal. Kemal is in the strong position that no one can get at him to attack him. So he can say what he likes. And does.

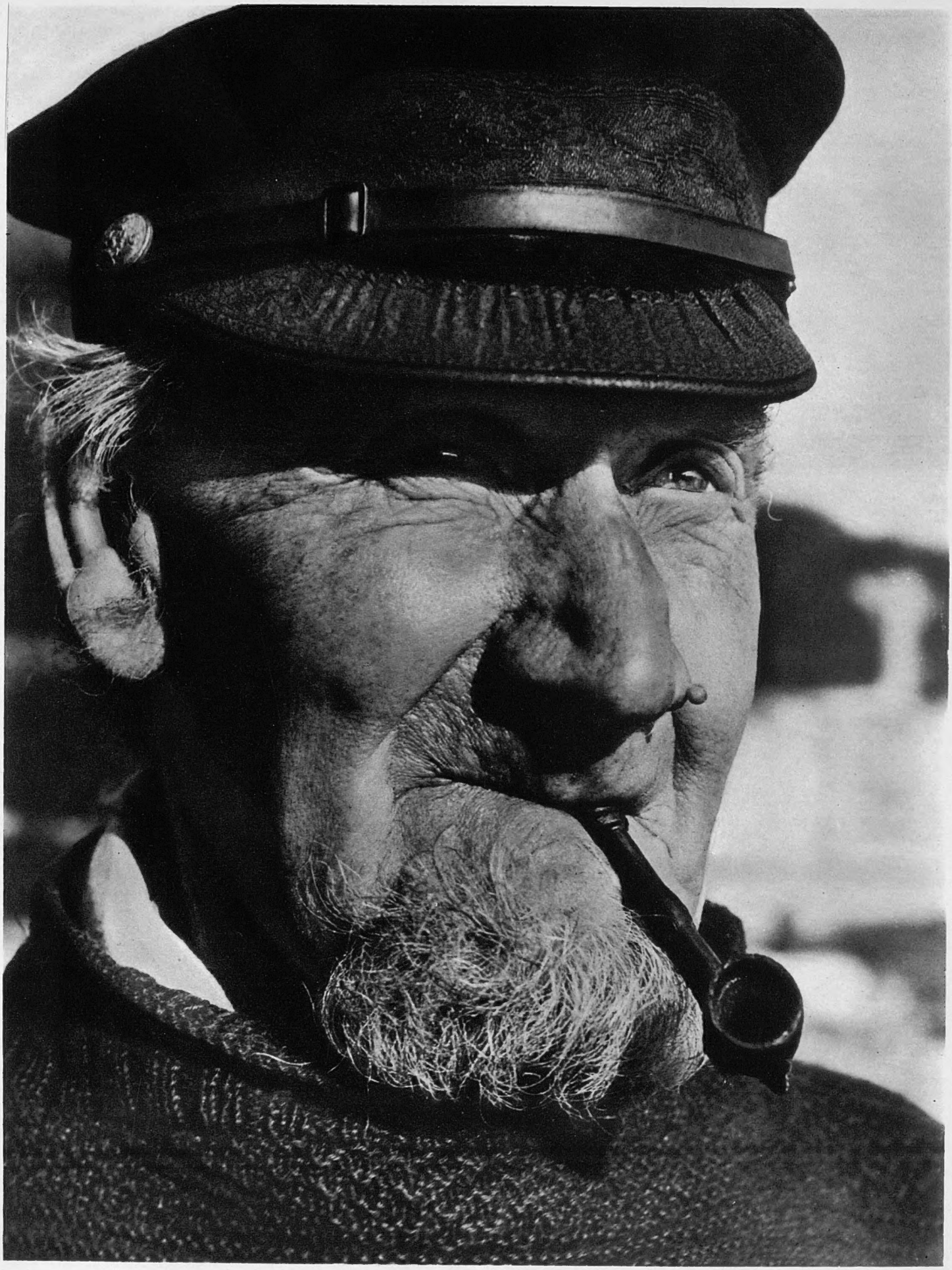
THE British Admiralty is taking steadily more and more vigorous steps against the pirates in the western Mediterranean. The strength of the naval forces in those waters is to be increased to at least a flotilla of destroyers and two heavier ships. The next step, which is the right and logical step, will be for French and British warships to attack the pirates, irrespective of the nationality of the merchant ship which the pirates happen at the moment to be threatening. This has always been the international practice on the high seas. At present each navy is only protecting its own mercantile marine.

THERE are few more fascinating and thrilling intellectual jobs in the world than the Foreign Secretaryship of a great democratic country. In a dictatorship, of course, all the ministers are simply parrots, re-squawking the great man's squawks. But in a democracy, especially in these terrible times of stress, the Foreign Minister is perhaps the most important member of the Cabinet. All the same, not many people would care to be in Mr. Eden's shoes just now. Every day some new crisis, every day some new complication. The latest is the shooting of the British Minister in China from a Japanese aeroplane. Obviously it was as much a mistake as the bombing of the British tanker the other day, but mistakes have often led to conflagrations in the past.

AT last recruiting for the Army has taken a turn for the better, and the most recent figure is the best for five years. The Territorial Army is also on the up-grade, so Mr. Duff Cooper's energy and indiscretions seem to be bearing fruit at last. His successor at the War Office, Mr. Hore-Belisha, is likely to be just as energetic and much more discreet, especially in speeches about the Church of England.

ARMY training in the field is in full swing and, as usual, the high commands are full of little jokes. Thus, in East Anglia, relations between Eastland and Westland have recently been strained, and in order to put this straight the Mugwump of Eastland set out to visit the Emu of Westland, and his route lay through the territory of the Cheetah of Centralia. The Cheetah was friendly to the Mugwump, but General Bolo, an aspiring dictator, wanted to kidnap the Mugwump in transit. In this nefarious design the General was greatly helped by the rules of the Mugwump's caste, which did not allow him to travel in a machine, to ride an animal, to touch a bicycle, or to move at any speed greater than a dignified walk. Not only that, but the Mugwump, seized with a sudden attack of ancestor-worship, insisted on stopping off to give the once-over to the tombs of his forefathers. At the time of going to press, however, even with all these advantages, General Bolo has not yet captured his objective. The snatch-racket in

(*Concluded on page 317*)



Norman Parkinson

"Any More for the Skylark?"

Sir Hughe and Lady Knatchbull-Hugessen

Travelling to Shanghai in cars flying the Union Jack, the British Ambassador to China and his party were victims of a Japanese fighter, which swooped on the vehicles and sprayed them with machine-gun fire, hitting the Ambassador, Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen. Another machine followed and dropped a bomb

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 315)

Centralia appears to be in a backward state of organisation.

WHAT an indefatigable worker Mr. J. B. Priestley is! In the intervals of writing books, presiding at meetings, taking an energetic part in societies like the "Council for the Preservation of Civil Liberties," and a dozen other activities, he has found time to write no fewer than three new plays, all of which will be running in London within the next five weeks. Two of them open in London, and the third is to appear first at the Bradford Civic Playhouse, of which Mr. Priestley is President, and come to London afterwards.

The first, "Time and the Conways," is extraordinarily interesting, not because of its plot or its dramatic values, but because of the brilliant handling of the second act. The play itself is a mechanical affair. A family is seen in 1919 in the first act, full of high hopes for the future. In the second, the action jumps to 1937, and the air is thick with disillusion, and in the third we go back to 1919. Both first and third are long and unexciting and, as usual, Mr. Priestley is quite unable to make a skilful selection of his details. But in the second act he reaches heights of dramatic writing which he has never previously touched.

WALES is up in arms about General Crozier's book, *The Men I Killed*. The General, who is lying seriously ill at the moment, wrote in his book to the effect that Welsh troops made a successful attack on one occasion because they preferred to risk German bullets rather than their officers' revolvers, and Sir Charles Edwards, the Chief Labour Whip and Member for a Division of Monmouth, has asked the Minister of War for a full enquiry into these charges.

It is difficult to see what good an enquiry would do twenty years after the events took place. And if such an enquiry was held, it would only find that the charges were untrue, and then what would happen? Obviously nothing, except that a lot of mud would have been thrown about to no purpose.

NOTHING could be more characteristic of the pundit's attitude towards first-class cricket than Lord Hawke's statement about the Middlesex-Yorkshire challenge. His Lordship, now nearing octogenarianism, is flat against the challenge match. It would be a bad precedent; it would be an undesirable novelty; and so on, and so on. Lord Hawke might do worse than cast his mind back to the middle of the last century, when challenges flew in all directions, and cricket was a great deal brighter than it is now. Modern first-class cricket is more likely to survive through the entertaining and original methods of Mr. R. W. V. Robins, Captain of Middlesex and England, than under the blighting influence of the elder statesmen.

THE County Cricket Championship continues to be very exciting, not only from the mathematical, but from the human point of view. On the one side there are the solid, determined, dogged Yorkshiremen, who are never beaten until the last ball has been bowled, and on the other, the brilliant and mercurial Mr. Robins, whose influence upon his team is extraordinary. He has made Middlesex into a brilliant and mercurial side, capable of anything except the doggedness of the Northern professors. Incidentally, the first financial return of a first-class county has come to hand. Glamorgan reports that its "gates" are more than £2000 up on last season. As I said some weeks ago, this year is going to be the test of county cricket. If the counties do not pay their way in 1937 they never will.

THE loss of the Wightman Cup in America rounds off a year of almost consistent American victories. The golf professionals won the Ryder Cup, the tennis amateurs won the Davis Cup and swept the Championship at Wimbledon. Mr. Vanderbilt sailed more quickly than Mr. Sopwith, and an American, although resident in England, won the Amateur Golf Championship. Our only successes have been the victories of the Oxford and Cambridge athletic team in America, Cotton's victory at Carnoustie, and the recapture of the World Racquets Championship by Mr. D. S. Milford from the American professional Selznick.

MANY unkind quips have been shot at Mademoiselle Mistinguett, the unkindest of all, perhaps, being that of my colleague, Mr. Bevan Wyndham Lewis, who once described her as a "rose-red cutie half as old as time." But the Paris police have just weighed in with a gesture that is almost as unchivalrous. An admirer who came all the way from Rouen to press his ardent suit upon "Miss" has been promptly seized by the constabulary and haled off to a mental infirmary for examination by alienists.

The Mugwump of Eastland Inspects His Escort

Who would think that little moustachio'd man in the turban and cloak wielded such power and caused such trouble to the forces of the British Empire? Nevertheless, the Mugwump, whose religion prevents him from eating parrot, porcupine, pig or potato, was to pay a visit to the Emu of Westland, but despite his careful inspection of his Welsh Guards escort, his party was attacked by the forces of the rebel Gen. Bolo. These troubles, taking place fictitiously in the English countryside while in real life British ships were sunk in the Mediterranean and British diplomats shot in the Far East, were part of the 4th Guards Brigade exercises

Race-Week at Baden-Baden

Lord and Lady Elmley, Mr. Iselin

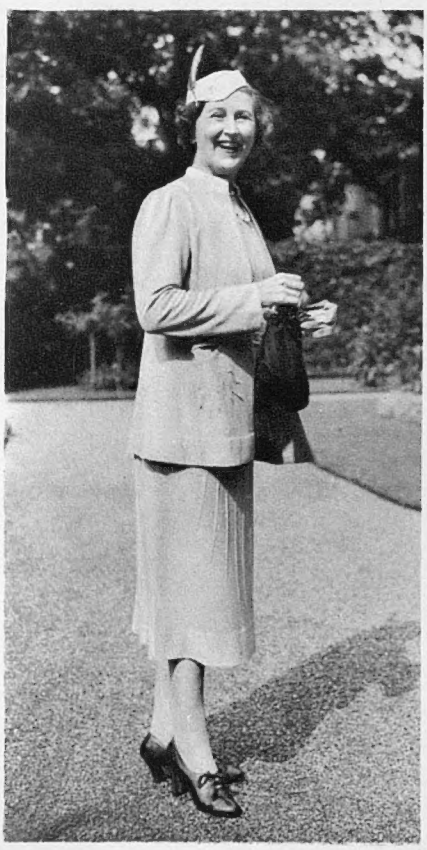
Lord Beauchamp's M.P. son and heir and his Danish-born wife were out at Baden with another curer from Dengler's, Mr. William O'Donnell Iselin, of New York. Lord and Lady Elmley were married last year; she was Fru Else Dornonville de la Cour

Mr. Graham, Miss Bankes

Mr. Norval Graham owns several North Country newspapers and lives at Endhall, near Wolverhampton; Miss Daphne Bankes is the eldest sister of Mr. Henry Bankes, squire of Corfe Castle, Dorset, and head of one of the oldest families in the kingdom

Lady Dunn, Mr. O'Brien

Lady (James) Dunn and Mr. Murrough O'Brien were two more taking the cure at Dengler's establishment and allowed out for the races. Lady Dunn's daughter, Lady Patricia Douglas, announced her engagement to Count John Bendern this summer



American Elegance

Lady Sackville, the American-born châtelaine of Knole, Sevenoaks, was snapshot in the garden of her hotel wearing neat light blue

German Elegance

H.I.H. Prince Alexander of Prussia was, to coin a phrase, the cynosure of all eyes on the racecourse; very handsome to begin with, he completed his attractions by wearing his white flying-officer's jacket

English Elegance

Lady Scarsdale wore a short white fur coat and white belt with her neat frock and carried a scarf she had just bought in the town to supply (coining another phrase) a dash of colour

Anthony

Portrait of a Ballerina—Tatiana Riabouchinska

Off the stage, Riabouchinska, with her long, fair hair done film-star fashion, gives not at all the traditional impression of a ballet dancer. But away from the footlights she keeps her *Blue Bird* grace and quick lightness of movement, and the gay vivacity of her *Jeux d'Enfants* Child. Like the rest of the de Basil Company, she was on holiday all August; now she is back from the Continent losing her sunburn at rehearsals for the autumn season, which starts at Covent Garden next Monday. Fokine's *Coq d'Or* is promised during the next few weeks, and two revivals, *The Gods Go a-Begging* and *Le Triomphe de Neptune*. On the first night *Petrouchka*, which hasn't been done in London this year, is in the programme, with Yurek Shabelevsky as Petrouchka, Alexandra Danilova as the Dancer and David Lichine as the Moor

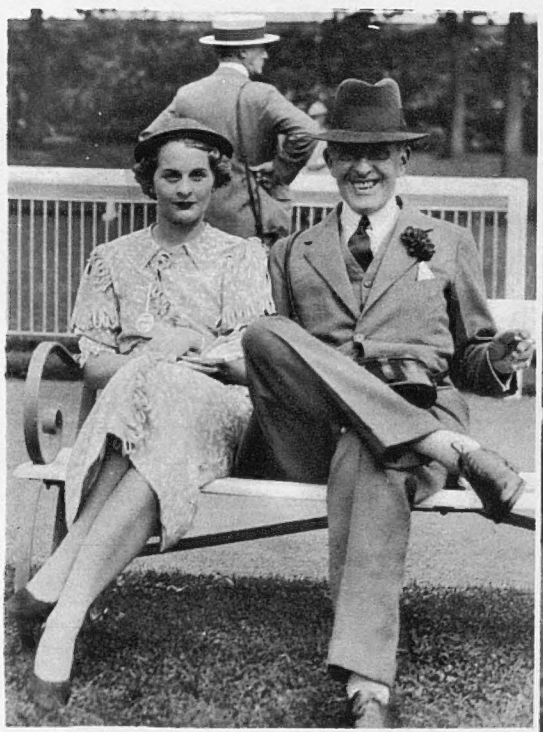
The First Day at York

Lady Maureen Stanley and Major Sykes

Lady Maureen Stanley, wife of the President of the Board of Education, and Major Sykes were having a drink and a smoke between the important York business of spotting St. Leger form

Lady Irene Haig and Lady Patricia Douglas

The youngest sister of the nineteen-year-old Earl Haig and the Marquess of Queensberry's ex-deb daughter were lightly dressed but still found the August heat haze on the Knavesmire rather oppressive



Miss Warburton and Sir Delves Broughton

Looked so pleased at the York meeting that they might both have been on to Gordon Richards' double in the Yorkshire Oaks and Prince of Wales' Plate

Engaged Couple

Lord Hotham and Lady Winifred Cecil had announced their engagement that week-end. He is the seventh Baron and was in the Grenadier Guards; she is Lord Exeter's elder daughter and a Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Gloucester

Sister and Brother

Lady Jean Scrope, Mr. Richard Scrope's wife, came over from Danby-upon-Gore with her brother, Viscount Brackley; he is twenty-two and has been reading estate management at Cambridge. They are Lord Ellesmere's son and daughter

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 35

Sir John Simon

WHEN people talk about Sir John Simon they always describe him as lucid. The moment he has made a speech someone gets up and thanks him for his lucid explanation. He hates it.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer is one of the very few men christened John but never known as Jack. He is regarded as inhuman, austere, detached, self-seeking and patronising. And yet in many ways he is one of the most human and unassuming members of the Front Bench. He will always turn up to play golf for the Parliamentary team against various sides—and loves it. At the end of the ninth hole he invariably produces two buns, one of which he eats, while he hands the other courteously to his opponent. As a golfer he lacks length, but he is straight and his short game is excellent. Golf, indeed, is the nearest thing he has to a passion, and he once won the Parliamentary Handicap.

Sir John has found everything in the world except himself, and, as Atticus pointed out, "when he lays his hand on his heart he puts it on the wrong side." He has no emotional gifts, but he is an architect of logic.

HIS one dream has always been to be Prime Minister, but he has no party except the National Liberals. As a politician he is a professional survivor, and might yet float from eleven to ten Downing Street. When Chamberlain gave him the much-hated Profits Tax to put over, Sir John said that it was a beautiful tax. Chamberlain withdrew it, yet Sir John survived.

It is said of him that he is the best lawyer in the House of Commons, briefed by the best solicitors (the National Government). So far, as a lawyer, he has argued briefs supplied to him. Next year he has to do his own Budget and, in fact, supply his own brief. Can he be both solicitor and counsel successfully? Will he believe in his own baby? Many people say no. I doubt it. To change the metaphor, he may still eat his way to the Premiership. For his digestion is perfect. He eats when and what he likes at public banquets, and his mind, like his stomach, assimilates everything.

THOUGH a taller man than either Lord Londonderry or Baron Franckenstein, he bears a remarkable resemblance to both of them. They say he earned as much as £80,000 a year at the Bar. It must have cost him at least £30,000 a year to enter politics. Sir John, however, never does anything without studying the situation from every angle. Don't I know it? I have played behind him at Coombe Hill. He is a real study of still life on the links. Incidentally, he always likes a small wager, and if he wins, gives the money to his wife's Anti-Slavery Fund.

Sir John is the son of a Congregational minister, and after education at Fettes, went to Wadham College, Oxford, where, with the late Lord Birkenhead and C. B. Fry, he formed one of a brilliant trio.

Called to the Bar in 1899, he became a K.C. within nine years. For the last part of the war he served as a major in the Royal Air Force in France.

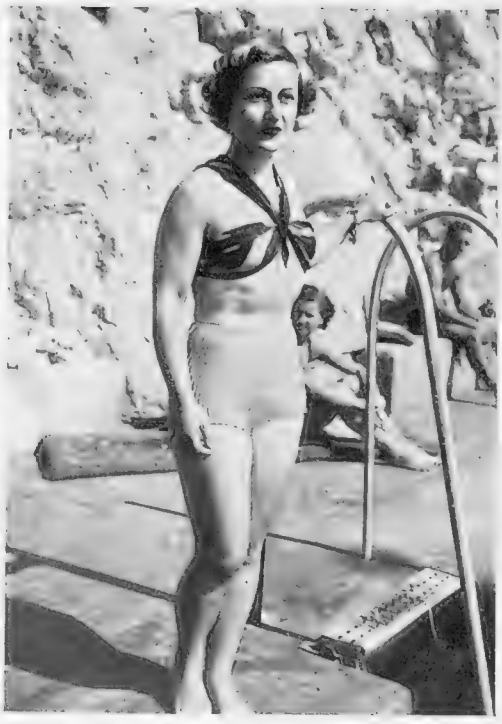
His other recreations besides golf are skating and chess. Chess, I would say, is the ideal game for him. It rules out flukes; and look at all the gambits! . . .

Charles Graves

At Monte Carlo and Eden Roc

White Shorts, White Longs

And dark, short-sleeved tops and dark glasses (a Riviera uniform, in fact) were worn by Mrs. Stafford Howard-Stepney and Mrs. John Musker on their way to Monte Carlo beach



Miss Helen Haas

The American sculptress still had the water from Eden Roc's sea on her arms and legs when this picture was taken

Mrs. Percy Melville

Knelt gracefully to the all-penetrating power of the camera at Eden Roc: her local hat is decorated on top with various talismans, like a fisherman's. She was Catriona MacLeod of Skeabost

Trying Their Eyes

Miss Rosemary Kerr, on the right, is pretending to read a Kipling. She is Admiral Mark Kerr's ex-deb daughter; her companion is torch-singer Marianne Davis, whose book we can't identify: she isn't even pretending, anyway

Dark Longs, Dark Shorts

And sandals were worn by Mr. Stafford Howard-Stepney and Mrs. Kenneth Wagg, who had also just bought a bright coolie hat. She was Katherine Horlick and he married her sister Ursula (see picture above)

Right: Terence Phillip and Mrs. Philip Astley (Madeleine Carroll) were photographed at Monte Carlo, whither Captain and Mrs. Astley had just arrived. The English film star is one of the few who look as nice, or nicer, off-screen

Mr. Phillip and Madeleine Carroll

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THE regretted passing of "Sapper" (everybody who met him liked Cyril McNeile) has brought about a first-class national crisis, which needs coping with pretty urgently.

Bulldog Drummond, square-jawed, two-fisted, a blend of steel and whipcord, smashing his way fearlessly through every trap a foreigner could devise—prussic acid and dynamite combined couldn't stop him—yet in his spare time ever bending chivalrously over the hand of wide-eyed, courageous British maidenhood—his true mate, had he had any sex life—has always been exactly what the Island Race needs to comfort it in moments—now increasingly frequent—of unease, doubt and vague apprehension. When Bulldog Drummond was dashing round, one knew the Conquering Sahib was no legend, and that a world crawling with rotters and Dagoes and damned outsiders had better bally well behave itself, by Gad, or else. The Bulldog was our native version of Nietszche's Blond Overman. His epic career, alas, is over. Who 's going to take his place?

Buchan fans will naturally shout at once for General Sir Richard Hannay, K.C.B., D.S.O. But Hannay has one frightful drawback—the chap uses his brain far too much in a jam, whereas the Bulldog thought everything out with his fists, like a true sportsman. Too damn clever by half, Hannay is. Anybody can see a Scotsman invented him. But who else is there? Gilbert Frankau's sahibs are stout fellows, but not scrappers. The same goes for Lord Peter Wimsey, who 's inclined to be funny as well, like *Punch*. We don't want a funny man; otherwise we might just as well set up a clown like Bertie Wooster—a pretty stout fellow himself in many ways, of course, but not the chap for the Bulldog's job, if you take our meaning.

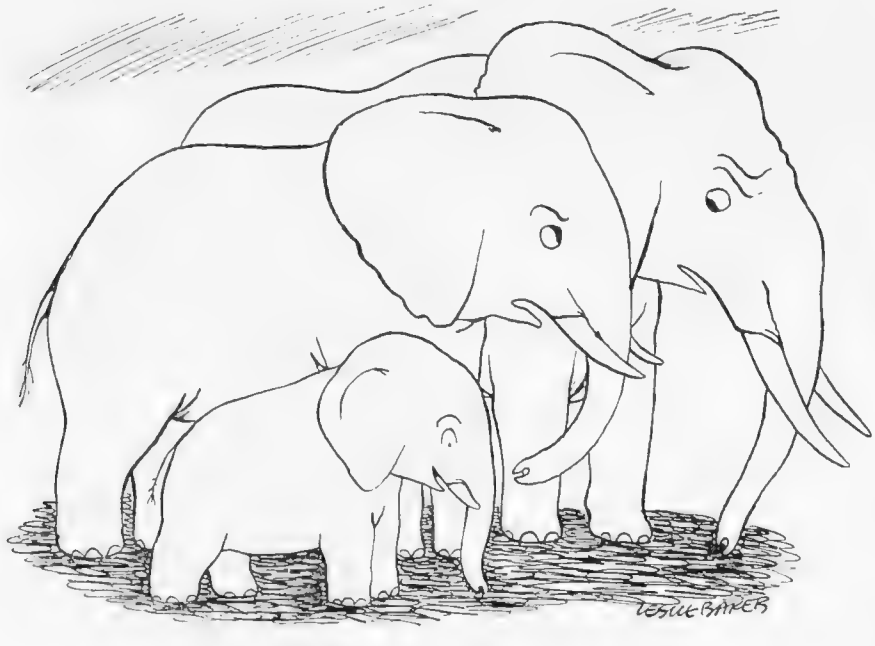
What the nation needs is a real true-blue, red-blooded white man, and it looks as if it 'll have to be Hannay, till somebody better turns up. Somebody 'd better tip the wink to Lord Tweedsmuir quickly to cut out all that highbrow *Greenmantle* stuff and concentrate on a few jolly good socks on the jaw, which a chap can understand.

"Double Two"

Big Girl

OF all the attractive girls! Of all the pleasing sweethearts! You 'll never guess the girl we mean—we 're referring to Britannia, Mistress of the Seas, whose newest statue is shortly to be erected by the French at the entrance to Boulogne Harbour in commemoration of 1914-18. We 've been studying the model. One had become so resigned to thinking of Britannia as a rather bulgy, pop-eyed, menacing heavy-weight person, built on Teutonic lines ("needs no bulwarks") and wearing a whacking great fireman's helmet and a pursy scowl, that the quiet, almost slim distinction of her 1937 line is quite a shock, though a nice one. Britannia now wears a kind of boudoir helmet, *à la grecque*, small and chic, and has the expression of a serenely pleasant hostess about to break into a smile and wave her trident to a lot of people she really likes. Recent dieting has obviously not only improved her figure but changed her outlook, which used to be the wee-est bit overbearing. Also she 's got rid of that crouching pet lion, who looked pretty impressive from the front (but have you ever viewed a lion from behind?). A Pekingese, a person much braver and more intelligent than any lion, might have taken his place, we thought.

Tom Purvis's poster for the 1938 British Industries Fair, which we also saw the other day, omits Britannia altogether, for some reason. There 's a rumour round Town that the Navy League couldn't agree on a model, though the majority were rooting like mad for Jessie Matthews. Doubtless a lie.



"I don't know what to make of him — he always forgets"

Playtime for Our Pets

THE Bishop of Krk—a comic Dalmatian place-name which made the Fleet Street boys laugh quite a lot—was doing us a good turn when he protested the other day, perfectly rightly, against the behaviour ashore of the hordes of screaming half-naked charmers who land at intervals from cruise-liners. The Dalmatian peasant must have some queer old ideas concerning the population of the British Isles, what with contemplating these sweethearts and their playmates and what with remembering that fairly recent P.E.N. Club jamboree at Dubrovnik (which used to be called Ragusa). The P.E.N. Club boys and girls didn't rush about in practically nothing and scream, of course. They spent their time, when they weren't soberly rubbernecking in droves, passing resolutions to make everybody in the world love everybody else through the Healing Spirit of Literature—which is a more legitimate laugh, perhaps, than a place-name like Krk.

It 's difficult to see what can be done about that section of the cruising girls and boys who go round increasing our national prestige in foreign parts. Liner captains—you ought to hear some liner

captains on the subject—can't act as censors of behaviour ashore, much as they 'd like to, for the sake of the good name of their ship alone. It 's doubtful if any appeal to the barbarians concerned would have any effect. They lose their heads when abroad and can't help carrying on like little mad things. Meanwhile the Dalmatians, among others, probably have the impression that half the population of Great Britain behaves like a loony-bin on Walpurgis Night and the other half is nuts about booksy-wooksy. Which half is the more cuckoo must provide infinite matter for discussion during the long Dalmatian winter nights, when the Dalmatian moon turns her chariot so slowly round the sky—do you know that lovely sonnet of Ronsard to Hélène about the moon on long winter nights? Just the thing to take the taste of some other things away.

Trip

AN American disembarked from the Queen Mary at Southampton the other day and said to a travel-agency man: "I 'm hopping a 'plane to Paris to-morrow morning and I 'd like to see some of the sights of London before I go. It 's my first time here. What do I do?" The agency man said: "Well, sir, your best plan on getting to London will be to go to one of the big motor-coach stations. They run a lot of sight-seeing trips." He gave the American directions, and the American took a taxi from Waterloo in the evening to a motor-coach station, where he saw several big notices saying "LONDON BY NIGHT" and "SEEING LONDON." Being a chap fond of adventure, he picked eventually on one saying "MYSTERY TOUR," booked his ticket, after being smilingly refused information ("It 'd spoil it," they said), and was soon bowling through the streets.

After about an hour of travel, not having yet seen anything looking much like St. Paul's, the American said laughingly to the conductor: "I 'd certainly like to know just what part of London we 're in right now, but I guess you can't tell me, this being a mystery tour?" And the jolly conductor said laughingly: "Well, sir, 'smatterofact I can, seeing we 're well on the way, like. We 're just taking a run down to Southampton to see the Queen Mary."

Customer, Huh!

EVERY time we hear of some tradesmen's conference handing out the old obsequious stuff about the divine rights of The Customer (Who Is Never Wrong)—they did it again the other day—we think, happily, for the honour of mankind, of one or two little village shops we know where The Customer can either like it or lump it, and if he shows any restiveness or overbearing, can remove his big silly face on the spot and take the first train to blazes. One of these little shops is in the Highlands, another in Provence, one in Ireland, one in Sussex. The Provençal shop cares for The Customer least. They regard him frankly as an enemy, a bore, and an interrupter of human intercourse, and if he gets angry about being kept waiting, they tell him at once where to go. Having read all the (rather vulgar) stuff you see printed about Success and Service and so forth, you 'd naturally expect these people to be ragged, wizened, half-starving, miserable serfs, tottering on the brink of ruin; whereas they 're without a single exception healthy, solid, well-found, comfortable and entirely independent of everybody on earth. So there must be something wrong with the big business pundits' thesis somewhere. (There is, thank God.)

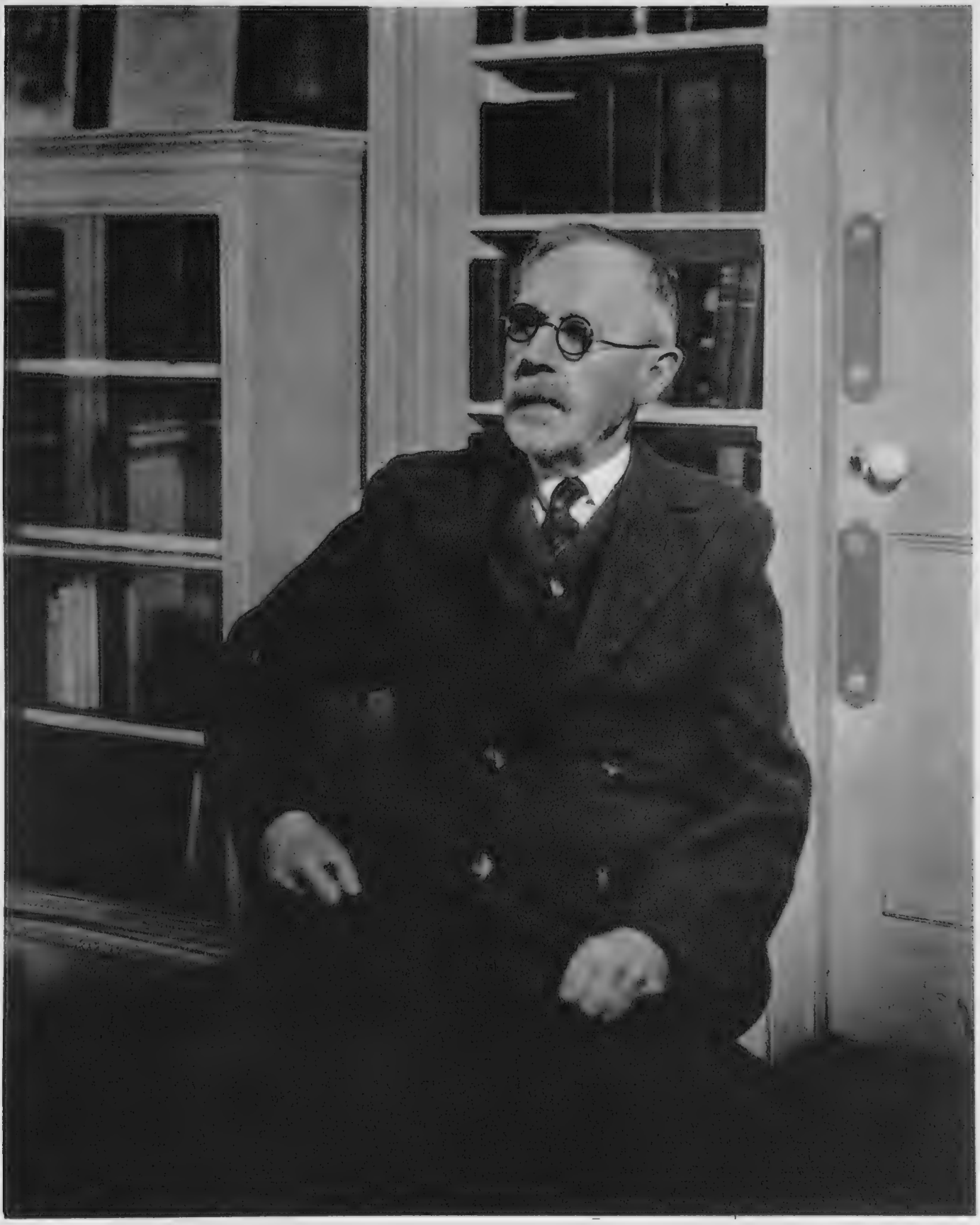
Soak

A NASTY revelation about the habits of the bumble-bee appeared in a letter to *The Times* the other day by Sir Robert Armstrong-Jones. The industrious little bore, *bombus terrestris*, whom everybody imagines to spend his time working like mad, gets drunk. Lime-blossom honey snares him as infallibly as a double whisky snares a poet. Lying on the ground dead drunk, he is attacked by the blue titmouse (we 've heard the same story sometimes from the poet boys), who sticks his long sharp beak into him and drinks up all the honey he 's gathered. Greed, self-indulgence, intoxication—that 's our little hard-working friend, held up to us perpetually as an example of tireless industry and high moral worth. Sir Robert says he 's seen many scores of bodies lying about after an orgy of this kind.

We think Lady Astor should raise the question of lime-blossom control in the House. The disgusting spectacle of drunken bumble-bees in a civilised country might be spared us if every lime-tree were registered, kept under strict surveillance, and, when necessary, closed down. Our bees have a right to be protected against the Demon Rum.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Good morning, sir.—copper is up two and a half and five little kittens for the office cat!"



Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Axel Munthe Won't Be Back Till the Spring

Dr. Munthe thinks the English air is stale in August and he loathes this country in winter; that 's why he makes his yearly stay here from May to July and spends the rest of his time in his native Sweden or his home in Anacapri. And he has to escape the latter in summer because of the tourists, whose numbers must have been increased a lot by his "Story of San Michele" (which appears in its first cheap edition this month). At the moment he is staying with the King of Sweden (he was physician to the Queen for many years), then he returns to the Bay of Naples, with a possible visit to a Swiss oculist on the way. He has the same eye trouble as Lord Grey, who was one of the closest among Dr. Munthe's vast circle of friends; but has been much better in the last two or three years. He got his medical degree in Paris and has had some extraordinary successes with nervous cases, children and animals. He has the rare faculty of making his readers feel they know him personally

Max Reinhardt and Rudolph Kommer

Professor and Mrs. Reinhardt: She is the

Leopoldskron, Reinhardt's

Photographs by John Phillips from

Leopoldskron, a baroque château dating from the declining glory of the Holy Roman Empire, lies close to the castle which dominates Salzburg. Here Professor and Mrs. Max Reinhardt are hosts to the privileged among the large and international crowds that visit the festival every year. But what is now an accepted date in the socialites' and intelligentsia's calendar has not always been so flourishing, and Dr. Rudolph Kommer, seen above, was very largely instrumental in making the festival's recovery financially possible during the post-war years. He now lives with the Reinhardts at Leopoldskron during festival time. Reinhardt himself is to Salzburg's drama what Toscanini and Walter are to its music, and his productions of *Everyman* and *Faust*, repeated this year, have become perennials. There is no doubt that his faith in the world's support is justified; July 1937 broke all records with nearly forty thousand foreign visitors to the festival

Below: the Walls of the Banqueting Hall are Pink Marble

Actress Helene Thimig

Midway Between Mansion and Castle, Leopoldskron is a Fine Example of Baroque

Salzburg Home

"*Life*"

Intimations of Surrealism

Noel Coward's first water-colour —of Lady Diana Duff Cooper in the Cochran-Reinhardt production, "The Miracle"—now hangs in Dr. Kommer's room at Leopoldskron. On the right is the castle of Salzburg reflected above one of Reinhardt's tritons

A Simple Answer to a Universal Question

Lord Tresham (Gyles Isham) to Lady Tresham (Greer Garson): "Why do I love you so much?" "Because you are my husband, Edward"

"Judith, I Believe You're Making It T

The pure and faithful Brian, by helping Judith undo the sandwiches for the of jealousy from the stained and faithless Tony: Geoffrey Keen, Hugh Willia

Reconciliation

Left: On the eve of his departure for the Crimea, Tony discovers his true love for his wife: "Could you bear to read to me for a little while?"

Right: "The music has stopped, Geraldine. We must do as Edward says"

Photographs by Anthony

ighter"
picnic, is about to draw a burst
s (standing) and Celia Johnson

Judith and Geraldine

Judith (Celia Johnson) to Geraldine (Greer Garson): "Supposing I refuse to help you, what then, Geraldine?" "You won't refuse"

"Old Music"

More Victoriana at the St. James's

Keith Winter, who only came down from Oxford in 1930, already has five plays and two books to his credit. His newest play is *Old Music*, at the St. James's. Set in the now waning fashion of nineteenth century-ism, it shows Celia Johnson as a strong-minded girl born eighty years too soon, Greer Garson as a greedy feminine animal born two thousand years too late, and Hugh Williams, stretched—and finally rent—between them, as a soldier whose sour smiles would well have set 1850 drawing-rooms in a twitter. Gyles Isham makes a cameo of a nobleman who is not so foolish as the first act tries to draw him. But the best things of the evening are Maestro Rex Whistler's décor and G. K. Benda's magnificent dresses. *Old Music* is reviewed on page 333 of this issue

Films of the Day

A Tribute to Jean Harlow: By George Campbell

I AM rather sorry about *Saratoga*. Not because I was shocked and horrified, as some people seem to have been, at the sight of poor Jean Harlow smiling and talking on the screen when her corporeal self lies buried in a Californian grave. The girl is dead, and I dare say I regret it as much as anybody who never actually met her.

For Miss Harlow was one of my favourites. They said she was common. What of it? The world cannot be made up of Girton women, and would be a dashed dull place if it were. The shop-girls, with one eye on the clock and the other on Santa Monica or Coney Island; the stenographers, peculiar to America, bandying wisecracks with the boss while the boy friend waits patiently at the hot-dog stand around the corner; the blonde with a good heart and a bad name, shop-soiled Cinderella of the Hollywood fairy-tale—these are types of twentieth-century womanhood, as real and as interesting and as worth while dramatically as any other; and Jean Harlow was the girl to play them.

It was her misfortune that she made her name as a platinum blonde. Howard Hughes, the young oil millionaire, wanted a vamp for *Hell's Angels*. Jean Harlow got the job. No one, in those days, regarded her as an actress, but it is a tribute to her personality that of a £500,000 spectacle, complete with embattled Zeppelins and sudden death in its most exciting forms, all that most people can remember is a creature with a slight but rounded form, full lips, provocative eyes and a crop of near-white hair.

IN *Platinum Blonde* she had a chance to act. Robert Williams, as brilliant a light comedian as the screen has ever known, walked away with most of the honours, only to die the following week. (If you 're superstitious, you may see something odd in the fact that all three principals, Williams, Robert Ames and Miss Harlow, are now dead.) Miss Harlow was chosen merely for her looks, but the producer picked better than he knew. The inexperienced girl with the freakish hair showed a poise and humour and sense of timing that later made her one of the finest comediennes on the screen.

I doubt, even now, whether most people realise just how good an actress Jean Harlow was. They liked her pictures, they admit she was funny. But luck, they will tell you—that was her secret. She had the good luck to appear in success after success and find every time a part that suited her, just like Gary Cooper.

Now, some players are lucky all right, but no player is quite as lucky as all that. If Cooper fits rôle after rôle like a glove—cowboys and gunmen and Foreign Legionaires, salesmen and poetical trombone-players from the Middle West—that is because Cooper is one of the greatest actors on the screen, aflame, as Charles Laughton once said in a generous tribute, with a light that glows from within the moment he steps before the camera.

IN a way, the same thing applied to Jean Harlow. She may not have had Cooper's intensity and range, though even in the matter of versatility she was considerably more gifted than many a pompous product of the Theatre Guild or the Old Vic. Few actresses could point a line more effectively or convey more with a look; and in *One Hundred Per Cent Pure* she showed a command of simple pathos that brought at least one hard-boiled critic perilously near tears. Add that she was what the profession affectionately calls a trouper, wholly unspoiled by success, beloved by everybody who knew her, from electricians to producers, kindly and generous and sweet, and that was poor, dear Jean Harlow. Hail and farewell!

I SAID I rather regretted *Saratoga*. That is because one could have wished that her last picture had been her best. *Saratoga* is a long way from being that. It is just an average, slick comedy, with a racing background, which gave Clark Gable an opportunity to do his stuff and Miss Harlow practically no opportunities at all. Half the time she had nothing to do but pout or lie in bed with a cough, while Gable or Una Merkel or a horse or somebody carried the picture.

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN and Jerome Kern collaborated in writing story and music for *High, Wide and Handsome*. If memory serves me, the same pair gave us *Rose Marie*. Which doesn't alter the fact that *High, Wide and Handsome* is a pretty trite story with mediocre music—by which I mean that it isn't good enough to please musicians or catchy enough to set the butcher-boy whistling. The background — Pennsylvania in the days when farmers struck oil and ran up against a conspiracy of railroad men as soon as they tried to market it—has novelty and interest, and there is some fair-to-medium scrapping. Randolph Scott is adequately tough as the pioneer; Irene Dunne sings well, and has a chance to show her gift for comedy; and Alan Hale and Charles Bickford supply the menace. Rouben Mamoulian, from Armenia via Moscow, directed.

MARTA EGGERTH, lovelier than ever, is seen again in *Das Schloss in Flandern*. A love-story of a very unusual kind, it is ingeniously constructed, subtly acted by a German cast (including Georg Alexander) and well enough directed by Geza von Bolvary to make his next film worth waiting for.

Jean Harlow and Clark Gable in "Saratoga"

There was some controversy raised by the showing of Jean Harlow's last picture shortly after her death, a film which was, in fact, completed very skilfully with her stand-in. But most people agreed that there could be, surely, no more fitting epitaph for a film star than her own film. "Saratoga" went to the Empire ten days ago. It is a fast modern comedy in the usual Gable-Harlow style, giving him more chances than her. The climax is a magnificent horse race

Cannons of Hollywood

Princess Franz Weikersheim

She and Her Husband are Austrian Settlers in London

Prince and Princess Franz Weikersheim have been living in London—their house is in Royal Avenue, Chelsea—for over a year. They were married in the Stefansdom at Vienna in April 1936, and the wedding was a big event in that socially-minded capital. He is the second son of the late Prince Charles Weikersheim and Princess Weikersheim; she was already well known to London society as Irma Windisch-Graetz, and is the only daughter of Prince and Princess Hugo Windisch-Graetz; her mother was a Fürstenberg. The family is descended from Ulric of Windischgräz, who lived in Styria early in the eleventh century. Princess Weikersheim is everything we like to think of Austrians—gay, fond of sport (especially ski-ing), and always elegantly dressed. She and her husband have both been out at Salzburg (where the inset picture of her photographic attempt was taken); he has since flown back to his job in the City

Anthony

John Gielgud Goes Off the Beaten Track

Off the beaten track not only by plunging a repertory company into the heart of the West End, with a programme of authors usually confined to Islington, Swiss Cottage or the Waterloo Road, but also by sponsoring the presentation of a répétition générale usually confined to productions on the Continent. *Richard II.*, the first of the Gielgud company's season, has its official first night at the Queen's Theatre on Monday next. But there is to be a public dress rehearsal on Saturday evening, from which proceeds go to the Vic-Wells Completion Fund and the Ellen Terry Memorial Fund. Gielgud's company is a strong one: in the first piece he will be producer and King Richard, Peggy Ashcroft will be the Queen, Dorothy Green the Duchess of Gloucester, Leon Quartermaine John of Gaunt, Michael Redgrave Bolingbroke, and Glen Byam Shaw Mowbray. *Richard II.* is to be followed by *The School for Scandal*, *The Three Sisters* and *The Merchant of Venice*

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Old Music" (St. James's)

THE title of this piece is the measure of its quality. Old music may be sweet. Old music may be poignant. But, old though it usually is, we don't dream of describing the best music (Bach, Handel, Mozart) as old, for it transcends all period, all association.

The lesser recollected airs of yesteryear depend, on the other hand, largely for their appeal on their environment. They conjure up, they hand themselves over to old pictures. And so it is with Mr. Keith Winter's well-named, well-written, well-handled play, which he presents through two-fold mists of Victorian antiquity. The prologue is a memory of 1883. The play is a memory of that memory, thirty years before, when bustles were crinolines, and when Judith and Geraldine both loved the same young officer. That the author, at this dangerous double remove, should have contrived to present their story as realistically as he does is no small feat.

Consider how Shakespeare would have jeopardised *Romeo and Juliet* had he begun with Benvolio as an old gentleman dreaming by the fire!

THE story of *Old Music* is one of jealousy culminating in violence. It sets out to answer the question (posed by the Prologue), why was Geraldine in middle age afraid of Judith? It traces the course of their youth, through the days when Judith was suffered as a poor relation in the house of her cousin Geraldine's rich parents to the day when her engagement was announced to the officer Geraldine had imperiously marked down as her own—an outrage, never forgiven, on the rights of property. It pursues the marriages of the two girls, both unhappy, showing how Geraldine still nourished hopes of the man she had lost—hopes which seemed not unlikely of fulfilment at a very period picnic. There follows the outbreak of the Crimean War, the imminence of the officer's departure, which brings him for the first time to the verge of a true and intimate relationship with his wife, and then a scene at a party, where Geraldine, scorned, lets fly passionately with a pistol and kills him—and where her tracks are covered up by the magnanimous Judith, who never gives away her secret, and in awe of whom she lives from that day to the Epilogue.

WITH Mr. Gilbert Miller as presenter, with Mr. Rex Whistler (who performs his usual wonders) as decorator, with Miss Celia Johnson (whose Judith is beautifully firm and fragile) as leading lady, and with uniforms again in the parlour, it is as though the St. James's Theatre had come into a legacy from *Pride and Prejudice*. That *Old Music* will run as long can hardly be expected. Nor, with the exception of the intimate scene between Judith and her husband, does it ever successfully challenge absolute standards. But the characters are originally conceived and well developed. The dialogue has distinction. The dresses (costumes by Mr. G. K. Benda) are immaculate. Mr. Hugh Williams acts the young officer with discretion. Miss Greer Garson, as the wilful, impetuous, unscrupulous Geraldine, is at once so human and so unsympathetic that she should be engaged forthwith to appear as Becky Sharp. And Miss Johnson, having been praised only in parenthesis, must finally be praised in a principal clause. Hers is an art of most subtle, tender and delicate temperance.

Not so foolish as he looks: Gyles Isham

As romantic as he looks: Geoffrey Keen

Sketches by Rouson

Left: Officer under fire: Hugh Williams

Both love him, one shoots him: Celia Johnson and Greer Garson

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Beauty of Bath: By Alan Thomas

HAVING decided, at the suggestion of Mr. A. J. A. Symons, to write a novel "dealing with an ancient and beautiful house, setting forth the effects of environment upon character and temperament," Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell could not have chosen a more suitable site for his tale than the Queen of Cities, Bath. The atmosphere of Bath is favourable for the preservation of old families, old wine and old school ties: it is an atmosphere also in which Mr. Vachell, as a writer, finds himself peculiarly at home. His book is called *The Golden House: A Romance of Bath* (Cassell; 8*s.* 6*d.*). Young Humphry Paganel was the scion of an ancient Somerset family. The fact that his father drank himself into an untimely grave and his mother died of "pernicious financial anæmia" might well have cured him of any affection for the dear old home. However, as he had left the Golden House at the tender age of three, his resolve to buy it back by hook or by crook is less to be wondered at. So, on the advice of the faithful family solicitor and of the almost-too-good-to-be-true old family friend, Colonel Steele-Crutchley ("Ha, young Humphry! Glad to see you. Stay to tiffin?"), the lad entered the wine trade and started in the bottle-washing department of Pontifex's Port. (Old Pontifex had, of course, been a schoolfellow of the Colonel's.) Meanwhile, the girl young Humphry loves is married off to a rake of a baronet (for shame, Sir Ludovic!) and the scion-vintner seeks consolation with the daughter of Ready-Money Nash, go-getter, near trade rival, and now owner of the Golden House. These are the ingredients of Mr. Vachell's story. Pretty well everyone in the book plays up and plays the game (even including Ready-Money) and all ends happily. For a boy of twenty-five or so young Humphry seemed a little over-mature, and Ready-Money a little too much of a gentleman. But immaturity and caddishness are not qualities which thrive under Mr. Vachell's treatment. *The Golden House* is a charming, courteously-told story, and like scion Humphry's wine, it needs no bush.

Horace Annesley Vachell

His latest book is called "The Golden House," is a romantic tale about Bath, and is reviewed here. It is published by Cassell

IN *Invitation to the Ballet* (Bodley Head; 12*s.* 6*d.*), Miss Ninette de Valois contributes some frank and wholesome criticism of a good many aspects of her art; quite the most salutary is contained in the chapter on "The Audience." She maintains that among a certain section of English ballet audiences applause frequently degenerates into undisciplined and hysterical demonstrations based too often on a purely personal reaction towards particular artists. "The ballet," she writes, "is in danger in England of becoming treated like a general election." No true ballet-lovers who have been nauseated by these uncontrolled manifestations will doubt Miss de Valois' statements about the deleterious effect such exhibitions have on the artists themselves. Her admonition has been long required, and I wish it could be broadcast among the offenders.

Another illuminating section of the book, devoted to an analysis of English dancers, contains more sane home truths. Among other things, Miss de Valois criticises their bric-à-brac æsthetic feelings, their lack of intelligent humility and nervous sensitiveness. But she believes a good many of their faults are due to the extreme youth of English ballet dancing, and she is optimistic enough to prophesy that in twenty years' time the English school will be the most sought-after as a training field of any in the world.

The serious student of ballet will find useful material in the chapter on the growth of the repertory ballet and its economics, and Miss de Valois writes as an expert on the choregrapher. Her book is wise, stimulating and provocative, and contains far more common sense than is usual in literature on the ballet.

MR. ARTHUR MILLS' *French Girl* (Collins; 6*s.*) is a brief tale, chronicling the decline and fall of a would-be British Empire-builder at the hands of a gay Parisienne, whose occupation—aside from occasional work with the cinema—is expressively indicated by a shrug of the shoulders. Jasmine is, in fact, prepared to be anybody's mistress, provided there is a certain amount of mutual attraction or a fairly steady income. And if anybody's, why not of a personable English Army officer? Or, rather, an ex-Army officer, for Tony Wharton, with perhaps more gallantry than judgment, had sent in his papers in order to take up a business career: it was the only hope he had of marrying the beautiful Betty, daughter of Sir John Daventry, financier. Sir John himself laid down the terms—Tony to work in the Paris office for twelve months, during which no communication whatever with Betty. If at the end of the twelve months, etc., etc. A year alone in the City of Light gave the poor fellow very little chance. What Jasmine began Paris completed: and Tony lost his Betty. The chief merit of this plainly told tale is the portrait which the author gives us of Jasmine and her background—the Paris in which, however little money you possess, you can always find some modest café or restaurant where you can enjoy yourself, *vin* (among other things) *compris*.

MISS KATE O'BRIEN'S *Farewell Spain*, illustrated by Mary O'Neill (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is more than a travel book. It is an obituary notice, not only of Spain but of all travel. "The tourist is already an archaism to the right-minded, who, if they still go to Russia, go only to know what the second half of the century is to be, not only in Moscow but anywhere." Heaven send she exaggerates! For in this smooth state of uniformity, travel will be quite unnecessary. On the eve, therefore, of this horrid doom, Miss O'Brien writes unashamedly as an escapist—fiddling while Spain burns. She starts at Irun and travels by way of Santander to Coruña: thence to Salamanca, Avila and Madrid, a city which, as some Spaniard has said, "contains everything necessary to human happiness, *viz.*, cafés, the Prado Museum and three bull-rings." To travel with Miss O'Brien is an experience not easily forgotten. She is witty, wise, sentimental, often prejudiced and generous to a fault. (Those bugs—would that I had been as fortunate as she!) She is, moreover, a Catholic, a pacifist, and a supporter of the Spanish Government forces—not a very usual combination. Politics, however, do not obtrude. Her interest is in the Spain she knew, its people, its pictures, its palaces and legends—a country she has loved long since and lost—not, let us hope, for ever.

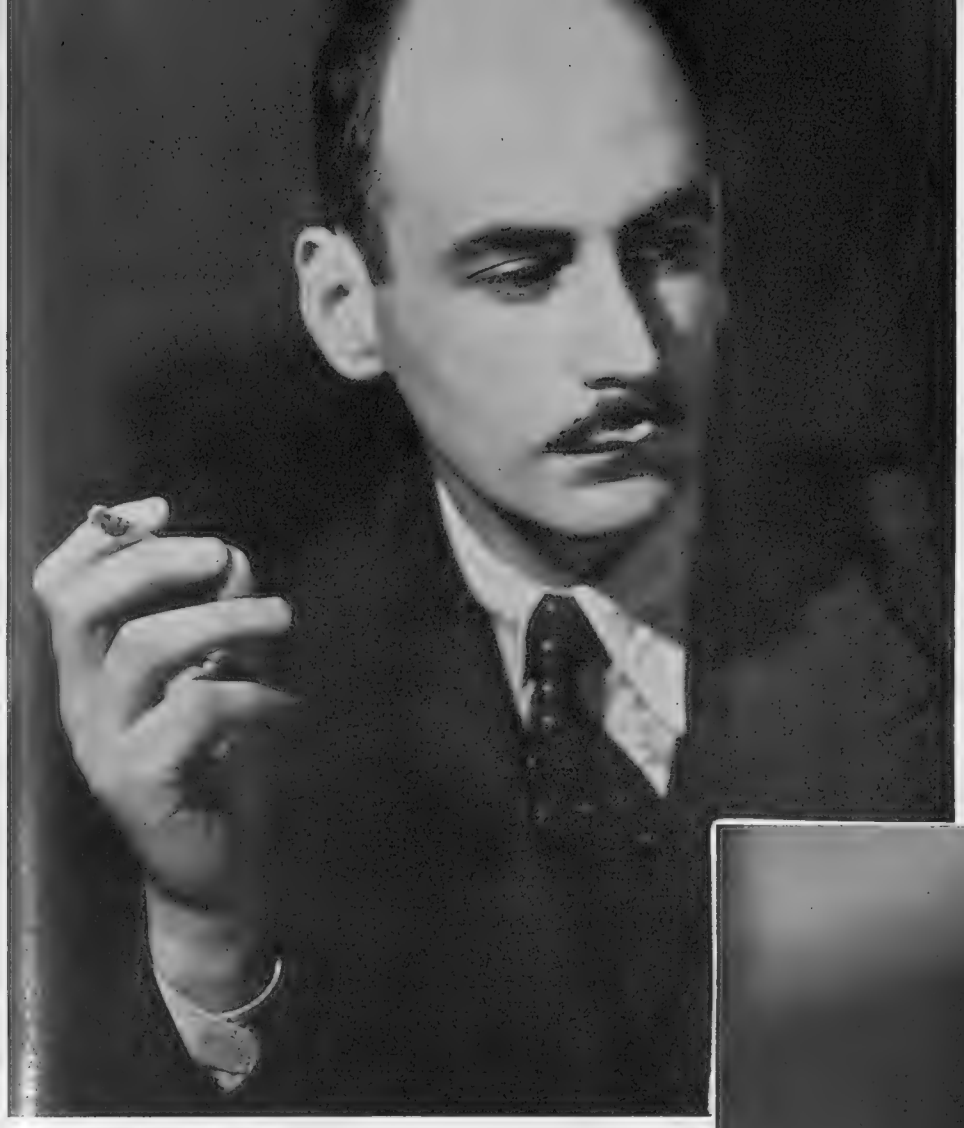
Kate O'Brien

Her latest book is called "Farewell Spain," is not only what its title suggests, but a general epitaph on tourism, and is reviewed here. It is published by Heinemann

Ballet Authors

A Critic and a Choregrapher - Director in the Autumn Lists

Photographs by Anthony



Arnold Haskell—" Dancing Round the World "

Arnold Haskell's new book, " Dancing Round the World," is an account of his last winter's peregrinations, when he went from London to Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand with Colonel de Basil's Number Two ballet company, then around America with the de Basil Number One company, and so back to London. It will be published next Monday, neatly coinciding with the reopening of the de Basil season at Covent Garden. " Professor Haskell," as Nicolas Bentley so rightly describes him, is the most enthusiastic and most popular writer on ballet in England; his " Balletomania " must be responsible for the creation of hundreds of " balleptomaines." He has, however, had a non-ballet holiday this summer, having just spent a month in Brittany with his wife and three children

Ninette de Valois—" Invitation to the Ballet "

" Invitation to the Ballet," which was published last week, is Ninette de Valois' first book, and the first book of its kind in the present era of ballet. It is mainly a study of the position, aims and make-up of the repertory company, with comments on the dancer, the choregrapher, the critic, the audience. Miss de Valois is able to deal with her subject from the widest possible point of view, since she is herself a dancer, a choregrapher, a teacher and the director of a ballet company, and her book will undoubtedly be one of the classics of the ballet library. At present she and her company, the Vic-Wells Ballet, are on a three weeks' tour to Newcastle, Leeds and Glasgow; their Sadler's Wells season begins at the end of the month. Her new ballet, " Checkmate," which was one of the successes of the company's short Paris season at the Champs Élysées Theatre, will then be seen for the first time in London

"Bystander" Short Story No. 102

Treasured Interlude

By Claudia Parsons

Illustration by Tom Chadwick

It was three o'clock, the sacred hour of rest, when Mme. Gallia received nobody, not even were it President Roosevelt. Yet someone slightly less renowned was sitting in the hall of her New York flat, hoping to be allowed to see her when she rose from her siesta.

The visitor was a stranger. He had no introduction, had never attended either opera or concert where Gallia had sung, and his presence in her hall was a piece of cool audacity. Whether she would grant him an interview depended on the illustrious name printed on the visiting-card now waiting outside her bedroom door.

The name was not the visitor's own, but it was the name by which he was more commonly known—the name under which he wrote. And as this literary artist sat waiting in the apartment of the singing artist, he decided that everything about him exuded an air of success.

Gallia was known to have a very capable manager. She also had a husband who was a famous conductor, and a voice that was worshipped in Central Europe and paid for extravagantly in New York. The voice had given her nearly thirty years of prominence and promised many years more before she need relinquish supremacy.

"And even then," thought Linden Hart, looking at the expensive furniture, "life won't exactly be *empty*."

He thought of his own circumstances compared with Gallia's.

He, too, had had success, but it had come too late.

He had failed, in youth, to keep himself on the proceeds of his pen, and gone into an uncle's business. Posted to various parts of the Levant, he checked the number of melons and tomatoes the firm supplied to Covent Garden, but his heart was still with poetry, and the years brought neither promotion in the business nor success from his poems. At last, in the office of the firm, he wrote the book that made his name. Successes then followed hard upon each other, and, as an established author and poet, he broke free at last from melons and tomatoes. But prosperity came too late.

By then he had a lust, greater than love of fame, or self, or any human being except one who had vanished out of his life while he was yet too poor to ask her to stay. Yes, for that woman he would have given up drinking. But he had married another who drove him to it.

If Gallia knew his exact worth in dollars at this minute, would she, he wondered, have him put outside the flat? But Gallia was just now reading the name, Mr. Linden Hart, and ordering that Mr. Hart should be shown into the garden room.

There he waited, while the prima donna composed her appearance, and when she came in she was wearing the expression of studied amiability with which she was wont to greet her audiences.

Perhaps the expression cooled a trifle on sight of a guest who looked so down-at-heel, but Gallia knew the ways of artists, and she was English. Here, before her, was a renowned Englishman who, in spite of his shoddiness, was obviously a gentleman. He looked ill and as if he had a history, and as if he might mean to ask for money, but at all events Gallia would start by being charming.

She had made up her mind on all these points almost before she had shaken hands. The only thing outside her reckoning, and faintly disturbing, was the visitor's searching gaze. She was used to admiration, but this man no sooner looked at her than he seemed unable to take his eyes from her face. He was so absorbed that an awkward pause followed her first speech of greeting, which she filled in with an artificial little laugh and an apology for having kept him waiting.

Then he began to speak, and the sound of his pleasant, English voice was reassuring. He was sorry to barge in like a common reporter, and he could not pretend his mission was more exalted. He was writing a book that gave sidelights on the lives of various of his more celebrated friends. There was nothing very revealing, and certainly nothing treacherous about these sketches, but they were amusing. Only they were all of them about men. He did not seem to know any celebrated women. That was the reason of his calling on Mme. Gallia, who, with her world-wide popularity, had it in her power to supply the chapter that would so increase the book's appeal.

"I know this is gross impertinence," he wound up, "but I 'm sailing almost at once for England, and can't afford to hold back the manuscript much longer. I just wondered if you could tell me something about yourself, or give me some tiny incident not previously recorded."

Gallia expressed her willingness to help. She was both relieved and flattered. "But you must give me time to think of something, Mr. Hart," she added. "You know how it is. We, who are always in the public eye, have very little that we can call our own. With all respect to my dear Heinrich Wolff, I often feel I am a pawn being moved about the world by a clever chess-player."

"Well, I will record the remark, if I may," said Hart. "But I should be more interested in something belonging to the days before you became a pawn. It is a curious thing," he went on, looking at the floor, "this fame, this success, that we pursue, only finding out its flaws when we have won it. I remember the bitterness of giving what no one seemed to want. And yet, if I could only have seen it, I believe those early years of striving, when I worked in stuffy offices in Spain, Palestine and Greece . . . were perhaps the most interesting of my life."

Gallia smiled tolerantly, but obviously had no real sympathy with this point of view.

Suddenly the author looked up at her, and again his earnest, penetrating gaze nearly undermined her composure as he said: "Couldn't you describe some *interlude*, quite outside your public life? Perhaps during your own years of striving?"

"Well, there hardly were any such years," said Gallia. "After my first concert in London, Wolff appeared. I was then just Pauline Fitzgerald, daughter of a professor with the worst business brain that a man could well have. We had neither of us the smallest idea of what my voice was worth. Wolff saw that we needed a shepherd and he became that shepherd. I was rushed over to the Continent, and my training started all over again. It seemed very disheartening. I was no longer called by my own name: I became Paula Gallia. And then, my début in Vienna . . ." Gallia made a little gesture. "All the world knows the rest of the story, and even minor anecdotes have been told a hundred times."

"But perhaps you are right," she went on after a pause. "There *are* interludes that stand out in my memory, precious because I was free, and able to be myself. If I described one of those interludes, Mr. Hart, I hope you would treat it with respect. It is a very simple story of my youth. I don't know why I should suddenly think of it, or why I should hitherto have treasured it away. An anecdote I have never fully told.

"It was after my first appearance at Covent Garden, where I had a great success. The following autumn I had an operation on my appendix, and Wolff was busy trying to secure a contract with Vienna, while lesser fry were trying to get at me behind

(*Concluded on page* viii)

Courses à Deauville

Mr. Jim Lawrence and Lady Plunket

Right: Marcelle Rogez and Frances Day are both Deauville regulars and met there after working together this summer on A. T. P.'s "Who's Your Lady Friend?" (already trade-shown in town). Between them is Miss Blanche Rowe

Left: Jim Lawrence shepherded Lady Plunket round Deauville's racecourse, with its atmosphere of Goodwood with a little of Cowes thrown in

Right: the Marchioness de Sommi wore a black hat and veil; Lady Stanley's were white, on Grand Prix day

Marking Their Cards

The Marchioness de Sommi and Lady Stanley

English Foursome

Clare Lady Cowley, Mr. and Mrs. Ken Holwey and Lady Bridget Poulett made the English foursome. Lady Bridget Poulett, who wore a straw saucer-hat and exerted her privilege of always looking cool in the heat, is a Deauville regular

English Trio

Lord Carnarvon, the Hon. Mrs. Freddie Cripps and Miss Monica Sheriffe made the English trio, and it looks as if they're studying the Tote indicator-board. These pictures were all taken on Sunday, the last day of the fortnight's racing

Summer Sport

By Howard Marshall

Grouse-Shooting — North of the Tweed

The Marquess of Kildare, the Duke of Leinster's son, was a member of Sir Spencer Maryon-Wilson's party shooting over the Foregin moors near Carrbridge, in Inverness-shire

Another of Sir Spencer Wilson's guests at Foregin was Colonel Lord Glanusk, who is nearly as smart with a gun as with a fishing-rod; he has four places in Breconshire

He Beat Frank Parker

In three straight sets to become Eastern lawn tennis champion of the U.S.A. He is ranked fourth in his country, comes from Los Angeles, and is called Robert L. Riggs

Player and Captain

G. O. Allen was a member of Sir Alfred McAlpine's XI. which met the Frogs at Marchweil Hall, Wrexham, Sir Alfred's North Wales home. The home team was victorious by an innings and 63 runs; Allen made 43 of their 361, Sir Alfred McAlpine's eldest son made 45, Sir Alfred himself, with a host's modesty, contributing 2

MIDDLESEX and Yorkshire may have settled their struggle for the county cricket championship by the time these notes appear, but what of Robins' challenge to Sellers, which began as a joke, and ended as a gift to news-editors in the silly season?

Lord Hawke did not like it. He viewed it as a dangerous innovation. Let me say at once that I sympathise with his attitude. We need a few whole-hearted obscurantists in every game to prevent us rushing down steep places into the sea.

Possibly Lord Hawke felt that a challenge match of this kind might be a precedent which would lead cricket back to the deplorable days when betting was rampant, and England players were approached by oily men who tempted them, in whispers and the best Lyceum manner, to sell the game.

Now that cricket has acquired the status of a system of ethics—"It 's not cricket, sir"—we are apt to forget that once upon a time bookmakers had their recognised pitches at Lord's.

"And why not?" the irreverent-minded may ask. "Surely it would brighten things up to hear raucous voices laying the odds against Jim Smith hitting a six?"

I fancy Lord Hawke would be opposed to bookmakers, and perhaps he is right.

Seriously, though, I see no harm in the Middlesex challenge to Yorkshire, provided all the players are agreeable. There are difficulties, it is true, and the choice of a neutral ground is one of them. The weather might involve the counties in a financial loss. But supposing weather and ground were in order, what a match it would be!

Initiative of this kind is welcome, and it reminds us that Yorkshire and Middlesex owe their success this season in large measure to the personal qualities of their respective captains. It is not merely an easy generalisation to suggest that personalities are returning to the game. We see them everywhere, particularly among the younger players, and I am convinced that a cricket renaissance is shaping itself.

We have reason, I think, to worry over England's prospects against Australia next year, for no pattern has emerged from the Selectors' deliberations this summer. We might do worse than base the England team on Yorkshire, for this would at least give us a solidity which more haphazard collections of players have sadly lacked.

At the risk of bringing a shower of critical correspondence upon my head, I suggest that England would be well enough served by these players — Sutcliffe, Hutton, Mitchell, Hammond, Leyland, Yardley, Robins, Ames, Verity, Farnes, and Bowes. There is a team with the fighting spirit highly developed, and technical skill and experience in abundance. I believe it would press Australia hard, and have rather more chance of victory than any other combination of players.

One note I will make with some confidence. If N. W. D. Yardley continues to find time for much first-class cricket he will certainly play for England, and ultimately become captain. He appears to have all the requisite qualities of technique and temperament, and I do not wonder that the Yorkshire pundits consider that he should have been sent to Australia last winter.

INTERNATIONAL sport is a little depressing just now, from the British point of view, possibly because we are still smarting from our overwhelming and humiliating defeat in the Wightman Cup matches. We make no excuses for our eclipse by six matches to one. On form, the Americans were far better players, technically and tactically.

Where we have room for legitimate complaint is in the organisation of the campaign. Once more America have rubbed in the fact that we do not approach these international events with anything like sufficient care or preparation. Either we must give them up, or we must make our plans with far more intelligence. We have the players—of that I am certain—but we do not make the best use of them. We select them casually,

Personalities of the Bembridge Sailing Club Regatta

Miss Rachel Davenport (above) was in active preparation for the regatta: Lady Rosemary Jeffreys (left) was standing beside her boat to smoke a cigarette. She is Lord Normanton's youngest sister

The officers of the Bembridge Sailing Club were made to stand round a sundial to have their pictures taken: Mr. L. H. Campbell, Vice-Commodore; Mr. Tom Thornycroft, Commodore; and Commander C. C. Denison, D.S.O., Rear-Commodore

Lady Rosemary Jeffreys

and give them no prolonged and intensive training. Our attack on the Davis and Wightman Cups must be taken in hand seriously. Our failures are becoming rather ludicrous.

THE Americans, let us admit, did not stress our defeat unpleasantly. We were fairly treated in every way, in pleasant contrast to the ballyhoo which has made the fight between Tommy Farr and Joe Louis such a thoroughly unpleasant affair.

Sporting journalism in America, to say the least of it, is rather more strident than ours, but the boxing writers appear to specialise in the worst kind of sensationalism. What really went on in Farr's training camp we do not know, though every day the Americans magnified petty incidents into front-page news.

In this country there is general disgust at the racket which so disgraces boxing. The cheap sensationalism which obscures the noble art in America would sicken the public over here, and do immense harm.

IT makes us glad, at any rate, that Henry Cotton has refused offers to play golf matches in America. I doubt whether the atmosphere would suit him. And it adds irony to the fact that the American Ryder Cup team complained of their treatment in this country. Tommy Farr could doubtless tell them a thing or two about that.

Cotton, incidentally, has had a pleasant little busman's holiday, mopping up European championships. His latest effort in winning the Czechoslovak title at Marienbad was yet another proof of his mastery, for his last two rounds of 69 and 68 were played in driving rain.

We may reasonably comfort ourselves with the reflection that Cotton is the world's best golfer, and General Goering's disappointed taunts at British sportsmanship, occasioned by the fact that we beat Germany at athletics, do not alter the fact that we have the best team of track athletes in Europe. With which consoling thought I shall make my way to the Oval to watch Yorkshire's solid progress against Surrey.

Right: the Blue Birds won the final of the Majestic Polo Cup at Harrogate. The team, seen with the Lady Mayoress, were A. W. Mosselmans, T. L. Paisley, H. H. Robinson and Colonel Lord Barnby. Lord Barnby was in last year's winning team, the Chinchillas

Winners of Harrogate's Majestic Cup

Below: *Grouse-Shooting — South of the Tweed*

The group is of Lord Illingworth's party at Harefield, Yorkshire, and shows (back row) Mr. Verney Cave, Mr. Maughan, Mr. Dudley Illingworth, Brig.-Gen. Wigan, Mr. Henry Martineau; (front row) Captain Montagu, Mr. Guy Moreton, Mrs. Verney Cave, Lord and Lady Illingworth, and Mr. Percy Illingworth

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Deal and Championships

THE Open Championship of 1938 will be played on the course of the Royal Cinque Ports Golf Club at Deal, during the week which begins on July 4th. The qualifying rounds will be played on the courses of the Royal Cinque Ports Golf Club and the Royal St. George's Golf Club, at Sandwich.

The Open Championship has been played at Deal on only two previous occasions: in 1909, when J. H. Taylor won with a score of 295, and in 1920, when the first Open Championship after the war was won by George Duncan with a score of 303.

Besides these two Open Championships, the Amateur Championship has been played at Deal on one occasion, namely, in 1923, when Roger H. Wethered won, and produced most devastating golf in the final against Robert Harris. The weather conditions during this final were so bad that the players agreed to shelter.

The English Championship was played at Deal in 1936, when, in the final, Harry G. Bentley beat J. D. A. Langley, who was still at school, by five holes up and four to play; both finalists played very well, and Langley was a little unfortunate to find Bentley with his putting boots on.

DEAL is an admirable place at which to play an Open Championship. It can be easily reached from London—in fact, many go down for the day and return home in the evening; the town can supply ample accommodation for the large number of players and spectators; and the course makes it as certain as anything can be in the game of golf that only a very good golfer has any hope of victory.

Another advantage in playing an Open Championship at Deal is that the members of the staff of the Royal Cinque Ports Golf Club are accustomed every year to dealing with the enormous number of players and camp followers in the Halford Hewitt Cup tournament, and consequently the management of an Open Championship, with its entry of about 250—about half the number in the Halford Hewitt Cup—should be child's play to them.

When you visit the Club, which possesses a really good course, you generally find that the best player is always winning the most important scratch prize of the year; and if you look at the board at Deal on which is inscribed the names of the winners of the Scratch Challenge Cup, you will see that this is certainly the case there.

H. W. Beveridge won the Scratch Challenge Cup from 1906 to 1909 inclusive; Douglas Grant allowed no one else to put his name on this board from 1914 to 1925; and more recently, Lionel Munn has been nearly unbeatable, and actually was not beaten from 1930 to 1934 inclusive.

IN addition to occasional championships and the Halford Hewitt Cup, another golfing event of importance, the Borough of Deal Cup, takes place annually at Deal, and this year, unless something unforeseen has happened, this tournament was played last week-end. This competition is open to all amateur golfers with handicaps of ten or less, and is decided by match play under handicap, and its popularity is clearly shown by the large entry received every year. Last year, 98 golfers entered, and the average number of entrants nowadays is about 90. Like all match-play tournaments under handicap, it is nearly always won by a golfer handicapped in the neighbourhood of scratch.

The last time the leading professionals played at Deal was in 1934, when one of the qualifying rounds for the Open Championship was played there. On this occasion Percy Alliss and James Adams both broke the existing record of the course by returning scores of 67, and Robert Sweeny, Jr., created a new amateur record with a score of 69.

In spite of the fact that the course next year will be longer and a more severe test, I have little doubt that similar scores to these will be returned, and they will continue to be returned, however difficult a course is made, until the game is played with a more reasonable ball. The Open Championship in 1938 is to be played early in July, when, as a rule, little wind is experienced, and when one can expect easy playing conditions.

THE Royal Cinque Ports Golf Club, like all other clubs on whose courses championships are played, is adding a little length by making new tees, and is also trying to make the course a slightly more severe test for the leading players.

A new fourth hole has been constructed as an alternative to the much cursed blind Sandy Parlour.

The total length is not likely to be increased by more than about 250 yards, but I do not think that a little extra length makes very much difference to the first-class professional golfer. Most of the new tees will be so placed that the angle of the shots to the fairways will make the placing of the tee shots very much more difficult than they are at present, and at several holes, to gain the perfect position from which to play the second shot, the players must go for, and bring off, adventurous carries. In short, the main idea is not so much to lengthen the course as to make the tee shots more interesting, more testing, and more exciting; and if this object is gained, the professionals will find themselves faced at many holes with second shots similar to those of the ordinary player, and will not be able to drive 60 to 100 yards beyond the spot from which it was intended the second shot should be played, and thus many good holes will not be spoilt.

I feel sure that the course at Deal will provide a severe and at the same time very fair test for the best golfers in the world.

Socialite Golf

Lord Errington's drive at North Berwick was watched by Miss Beatrice and Miss Rosemary Grosvenor, but the dog seemed more interested in the sand-box. Lord Errington is Lord Cromer's heir, and Beatrice and Rosemary Grosvenor are Lady Dorothy Charteris' daughters

Artisan Golf

The scratch prize at the sixteenth annual meeting of the Artisan Golfers' Association at Wentworth was won with a remarkable net score of 64 by S. Chapman, a Sussex labourer. Officers of the Association, seen in the picture with the trophies, are F. G. Hawtree, W. J. Gardner (hon. secretary), Major J. L. Rawlinson (Wentworth's secretary), Hubert Service (vice-president), H. Aldridge and J. H. Taylor (chairman of executive council)

Golf Clubs at Home: Lowestoft

This club was founded in the year of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, but not on its present site at Pakefield, which was first chosen in 1907 for the then modest round of nine holes, later extended to twelve. After the war, however, an eighteen-hole course was laid out by James Braid and opened in 1924. It is situated on a pleasantly varied terrain, near the sea, on light, sandy soil. The total length is close on 6100 yards

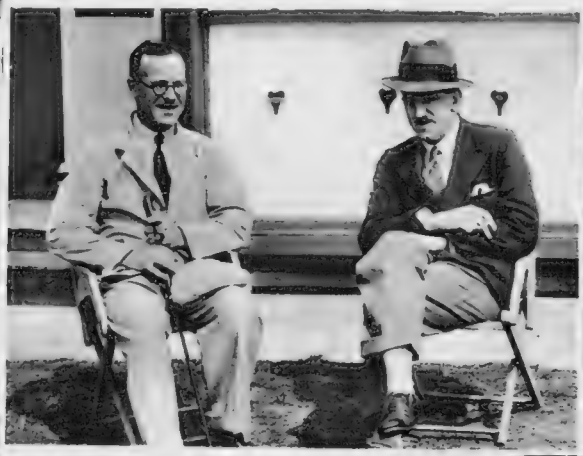
J. A. Barker (captain)

Dr. J. C. Mead (ex-captain and committee member)

Ernest Orr (committee member)

J. A. Nicholson (ex-captain and committee member)

W. G. English (hon. secretary) and F. Spashett (president)



G. M. Margrett and Dr. R. Keene (ex-captain and committee member)

Captain F. G. Fisher (committee member)

H. Newton and H. Wade (professional)

Right: W. B. C. Forsyth and J. W. Warren (committee member)

C. L. Butcher and Monty Horseman

Cortachy: *Capt. the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy, who lives at Eskill, near Forfar, and is a D.L. for the county of Angus, was having a joke with two Sassenachs, Sir Gifford Fox and Lord Hollenden (with cigarette)*

Crieff: *Mr. Ewing of Pitkellony (centre) was talking to Lord and Lady Willoughby de Eresby. They had come over from Drummond Castle, where they were staying with Lord Willoughby de Eresby's father, Lord Ancaster. Lady Willoughby was wearing a suit of shantung*

Highland Games

At Inverness, Cortachy, Crieff

Crieff: *Mr. Patrick Keith Murray and Sir James Denby Roberts of Strathallan were photographed in Perthshire sunlight. Mr. Murray is the eventual heir to Sir William Keith Murray, of Ochtertyre, Crieff; Sir James Roberts was chieftain of the Games*

Inverness: *Major the Hon. Evan Baillie, Baroness Burton's son and heir, and the Earl of Leven and Melville, Lord-Lieutenant of Nairnshire, were at the Northern Meeting at Inverness, held for the first time on an amateur basis this year*

Crieff: *Lady Kilmorey stood for the camera with her daughters, Lady Eleanor and Lady Hyacinth Needham, who are sixteen and fourteen respectively. They were staying at Ochtertyre with Lady Kilmorey's parents, Lord and Lady Huntingdon, who had taken Sir William Keith Murray's shoot*

I.11a

when
an
"angel passes overhead"
and
you wildly search
for something
to say . . .

have you ever noticed
how
that slight tension
is
completely broken
by
passing round
the
cigarettes? . . .

which,
after all,
are always
such a blessing
at
awkward
moments.

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

The Draw for the Girls' Championship

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

THIS is an exceptionally interesting year in the Girls' Championship. If you ask whether there is any particular reason for so saying, I can only reply that when you have to tear up holiday roots in the middle of a precious fortnight, detach your mind from Scottish hills and estuaries, from bathing and sketching, and herds of cattle and flocks of wild birds, from baps and girdle-scones and salmon (do I make your mouth water?)—when, I say, you have to leave all that, even for a few hours, to concentrate on a draw for a championship, and that draw really captivates your attention so that you look forward keenly to the event itself, then that draw must be something out of the common. Which is far too long a sentence, of course; but one acquires breath by hill-climbing on foot in the sweet air of New Galloway. Go and try, if you doubt me.

Before the actual Championship, there is the competitors' international match to be considered, Scotland v. England, with right good sides; not a player on either but owns a hard-earned L.G.U. handicap in single figures. Both start with a 3 handicap, the present Girl Champion, Peggy Edwards, against Sheila Stroyan, on the same mark, who holds the Dutch and has had considerable experience of and success in the various other Continental championships. England's second string is Jacqueline Gordon, last year's Girls' runner-up, who was the Middlesex runner-up this spring and has been playing for the county since; she has Jessie Baxter to tackle.

Golf in Britain

Waiting at the starter's box at North Berwick were Mr. Curtis Lampson, Lt. Alexander Gordon-Lennox, R.N., and Mrs. Gordon-Lennox and Miss Betty Lampson. Mrs. Gordon-Lennox was Barbara Steele before her marriage to the late Lord Bernard Gordon-Lennox's younger son

THOSE four are the semi-finalists of last year's Championship, and may all be expected to play seasoned, sensible golf. Speaking comparatively: Peggy and Jacqueline are both making their last appearance at Stoke Poges. Joan Pemberton, who already plays for Cheshire, and was Girls' runner-up two years ago, has Dorothy Thomson, now a student at Edinburgh University; Sonia Swinburne Johnson plays May Love; Joan Negretti plays Dorothy Frame, a newcomer from Troon Bentinck, and in the next match is another fresh name, Maureen Ruttle, a fifteen-year-old from Ferndown, who is thought highly of there, so that Dorset are lamenting the idea of her playing golf for Middlesex, the county she already represents in swimming, rather than for them. Her opponent is Frances Halbert, another long hitter, who comes from Stoneham and astonished herself and Stoke Poges last year by reaching the last eight. Dorothy Drew, who has been winning and getting her handicap down well at Gog-Magog lately, plays Ethel Anderson, of Leven, and the respective reserves are Margaret Long and Anne Harrison for England, and Jean McIntyre and Pamela Brown for Scotland. Scotland have won Captain Stroyan's cup each year so far, and it would be stupid to suggest that they will not bring off the hat trick; their team seems to uphold all the best Scottish traditions, with a team spirit which is worth many strokes to it. Judged by handicaps, England are slightly the better side this year; but handicaps signify so little between really young players, though, unfortunately, almost the only way of picking and placing them until they have shown what they can do. Anyway, there they are, and a right good match we ought to see on the afternoon of next Monday (September 6th).

AS to the Championship, the seeding ensures that last year's winner, runner-up and semi-finalists, and the four other lowest handicaps, have the chance of reaching the last eight—that is, Thursday afternoon—without knocking each other out. Naturally, they may not achieve this: Peggy Edwards, for instance, has Dorothy Thomson in the first round, and Joan Pemberton (if she beats Dorothy Frame) should have May Love in the second, neither of whom can be held lightly, though they just missed being seeded. And who dare say what is to be expected of the new unknowns—seventeen of them—who are making a very welcome first appearance? There may be all sorts of surprises there. It would be quite ridiculous to try and pick the winner, even to say whether England, with the majority of entries, has a better chance than Scotland of claiming her, or even whether the Cup may not take a trip across the Channel, as it did when Simone de la Chaume (now Madame René Lacoste) won. Incidentally, it was not the present cup, but the statuette group known as the Princess Mary Trophy, which made that journey. The BYSTANDER substituted the cup when they took over the event, and the original trophy has an honoured home with Miss M. E. Stringer, the real originator of the Girls' Championship. But all the old names, right down from Audrey Croft (now Mrs. Turnbull), in 1919, are on the present cup, and well worth study.

Golf in France

Princess Karim of Kapurthala, daughter of the Rajah of Kashibur, was practising drives with a handful of balls at Vittel, France's sport and health resort

TO return—a holiday seems to make me horribly discursive—to this year. Lally Vagliano is the French danger; she has a French handicap of 4, which means a lot, for theirs is a stiff standard, and what is more, she played for France v. Great Britain at Pulborough this summer, and Miss Elsie Corlett had much ado to beat her, giving up the attempt to outdrive her as useless. But perhaps it is not altogether easy to come to the Girls' Championship with a reputation; as a seeded player she ought (on paper) to be comparatively secure until meeting Jacqueline Gordon (also on paper) in the last eight. These are in the top half, with a (paper) semi-final on the Friday morning against May Love, or Joan Pemberton, or Sonia Swinburne Johnson. That leaves for the opposing finalist (paper again) Joan Negretti, or Sheila Stroyan, or Jessie Baxter or Peggy Edwards, assuming that one of these has survived so far. All very exciting, and absolutely anything may happen.

And now, away back to the hills and the sea!

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

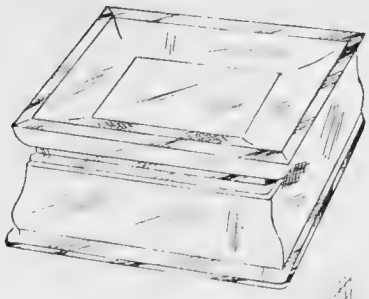
There are many occasions when full evening dress seems inappropriate, and designers this season are concentrating on graceful hostess gowns for informal evenings. Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, are showing a particularly lovely collection in their lingerie salons, including the model photographed. This has a faintly Oriental air and is made in Chinese red lamé cloqué shot with gold. It is cut like a coat and buttons down the front. Leg-o'-mutton sleeves, square shoulders, and an upstanding collar all help to accentuate the slender waist, while a deep pleat adds fulness to the back of the skirt. Gay, tropical flowers distinguish a charming house coat in fancy cloqué with a parchment ground. It has a fitted waist and gently flaring skirt, which just clears the ground. Alternatively, black satin trousers are worn with richly embroidered coolie coats or flared tunics in a brightly printed crêpe

See Yourself In These

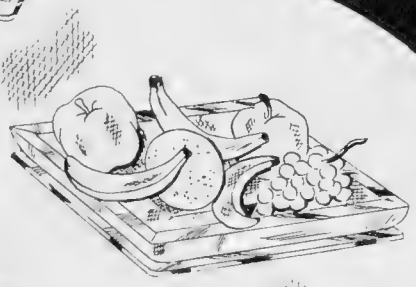
A tweed coat is an excellent basis for an autumn wardrobe, since it is ideal for travelling and very hard-wearing. The model pictured above is designed by Studd and Millington, of Conduit Street and Chancery Lane. It is made in beige Connemara homespun flecked with brown and trimmed with a luxurious collar and revers of beaver. The price is twelve guineas, either ready to wear or made to measure. Flat furs are used extensively for trimming this season, and collars are decidedly smaller, though revers remain wide. Apart from coats for all occasions, Studd and Millington specialise in classic tailormades of faultless cut and smart ensembles. Many of their tweed suits are accompanied by short capes for extra warmth

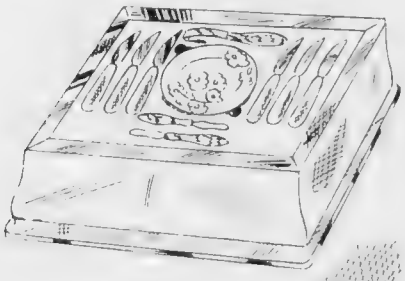
It is almost impossible to get through an English winter without a fur coat, and now is the time to buy one, as prices will soon be rising. The model on the left is in grey Indian lamb, cut with a swing back and square shoulders. It has a becoming collar, which may be worn up or down, and it costs thirty-nine guineas at the City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard. This firm, by the way, have no shop window, their showrooms being on the first floor. They manufacture all their models in their own workrooms and sell them at wholesale prices, though only the finest quality skins are used. Furs may be selected on approval on receipt of the usual references, and an illustrated catalogue will gladly be sent gratis

Scott Bushe



This fruit cabinet in light oak is ideal for the modern flat where space is limited. It is designed for six people, and costs two and a half guineas at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street

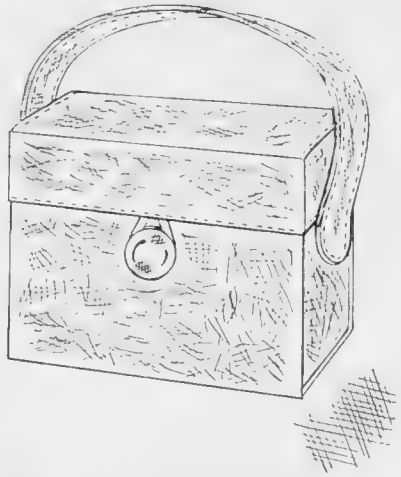




This sketch shows how the lower part of the cabinet is fitted with six knives, plates, a pair of nut-crackers, and two picks. Above it is a further drawing showing the lid piled with fruit. This lifts off and can be carried separately

A purse concealed in the crown of your hat would defeat the cleverest pickpocket. Corine, 101, New Bond Street, will make this becoming Homburg in soft felt for a guinea. The pyramid crown contains a flat pocket large enough to hold several banknotes and a powder-puff

Black never fails to look smart and is particularly effective for accessories. Below is a suède bag trimmed with patent leather motifs and a fancy clasp. It is made with wide gussets and only costs a guinea at Revelation, 170, Piccadilly



The ideal travelling handbag in the shape of a box has been designed by Revelation. It costs a guinea in pigskin or coloured calf, and will hold everything in the way of tickets, passport, and spectacles. There are two inside pockets as well as a purse

Two shades of gold, white and yellow, combine to make this distinctive bracelet from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company. The two colours are very effective against a sun-tanned arm and look well with the new metallic fabrics now worn

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

THE ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB'S Tourist Trophy Race is being run in England for the first time next Saturday at Donington Park.

In order to accommodate a race of such importance, the Donington authorities have built a new extension to their existing circuit.

By so doing, they have lengthened Starkey's Straight, the notorious Starkey's Hairpin now being ignored, the road running straight on down to the new equivalent of that bend, which will be known as Melbourne Corner.

On the run down to the new corner there is a sudden and very considerable dip in the road as it plunges over the brow of a hillock, and I rather feel that this may cause some excitement in the race, for it comes just about at the point where one should normally be braking for the corner.

Certainly I am sure that the presence of this dip at this point will have a notable effect upon the number of retirements through causes other than engine failure.

Melbourne Corner itself is super-elevated, following modern road design, and the width of the road on the bend is increased by 10 feet to a total of 50 feet.

While all this road construction has been going on, a first-rate row was falsely reported to have been in progress between the R.A.C. and certain gentlemen of France, because the former declined the entry of the Ecurie Bleue twelve-cylinder Delahayes, maintaining that these cars do not comply with their regulation requiring that all competing vehicles must be manufactured in sufficient numbers to be available for sale to the ordinary customer.

For precisely the same reason, the R.A.C. turned down the entry of a British Atlanta car.

A certain irresponsible section of the French Press took up the cudgels for its compatriots with a vengeance.

Under the headline, "An Unsporting British Gesture," the *Journal des Débats* made the definite accusation against the R.A.C. that the French entry was refused "for ulterior reasons."

Schell and Dreyfus, the paper pointed out, were to have competed with the new twelve-cylinder model, and it went on to maintain that this model does, in fact, comply perfectly with all the conditions outlined in the regulations.

"However, at the eleventh hour," it continued, "contrary to what had been decided three weeks ago, certain objections were raised, and the Delahaye was disqualified.

"The French builders say—and we have every reason to believe them—that the car in question is a sports vehicle complying in every way with the rules, and consequently that it should have been allowed to take part in the contest. One must therefore imagine that the fear of a French car triumphing on the other side of the Channel caused certain intervention."

Actually, all that happened was that the R.A.C. pointed out to Schell that, under the regulation referred to, the twelve-cylinder Delahayes were not eligible to run, whereupon Schell very sportingly accepted the situation without demur, and substituted the entry of three six-cylinder cars, which the R.A.C. accepted, and which will run in the hands of Schell himself, Dreyfus and Carrière.

Meanwhile it is to be hoped that we may see in this race a renewal of the annual Lagonda-Bentley duel, for Brackenbury and Martin are to drive the Arthur Fox Lagonda, while E. R. Hall will again pilot the lone Bentley.

For years past, the Lagonda-Bentley duel has been *the* feature of the T.T., and it would almost seem now that one of these races without these two cars scrapping each other would hardly be worth seeing!

Hall, incidentally, has a most remarkable record in this particular series of events. This will be his tenth consecutive T.T. He is the only driver in this year's race who has taken part in every Tourist Trophy Race since the series was revived in 1928 on the Ards Circuit.

He has an amazing record, having been placed second on three occasions—being beaten in 1934 by Dodson, in 1935 by Dixon, and last year by both, sharing the same car!—in addition to which he has also run third, fourth and twelfth.

The non-acceptance by the Club of the Atlanta and one M.G., whose driver, in the opinion of the organisers, lacked sufficient experience in racing under road conditions, leaves the entry for this year's race at twenty-seven cars.

This may not be a vast number, but the quality is good enough to excite the most exacting.

There will be seven French drivers competing, including such outstanding names as Chiron, Dreyfus and Sommer. A. Gordini is Italian, and two of the reserve drivers are French. Mrs. A. C. Dobson, who drove in last year's Tourist Trophy Race, is the only lady driver.

Two previous winners will be racing, viz., Norman Black, who won in 1931, and Charlie Dodson, who won in 1934 and shared the driving of the winning Riley with Dixon in 1936.

No driver has yet been nominated for the fourth B.M.W., the entrant having been given an extension of time by the R.A.C.

Personally, I expect to see the fourth car do one or two laps only, and then retire, for I believe it has only been entered in order to enable the makers to nominate a team.

A Sporting Show

THE day after the T.T. there is to be held the Berkamsted Club's Speed Hill Climb, at Dancer's End, near Tring.

This hill is actually the private property of Mr. Alan P. Good, of Lagonda Motors fame, and for years past he has very sportingly put it at the disposal of the Berkamsted Club.

Both cars and motor-cycles compete, and the fun is fast and furious.

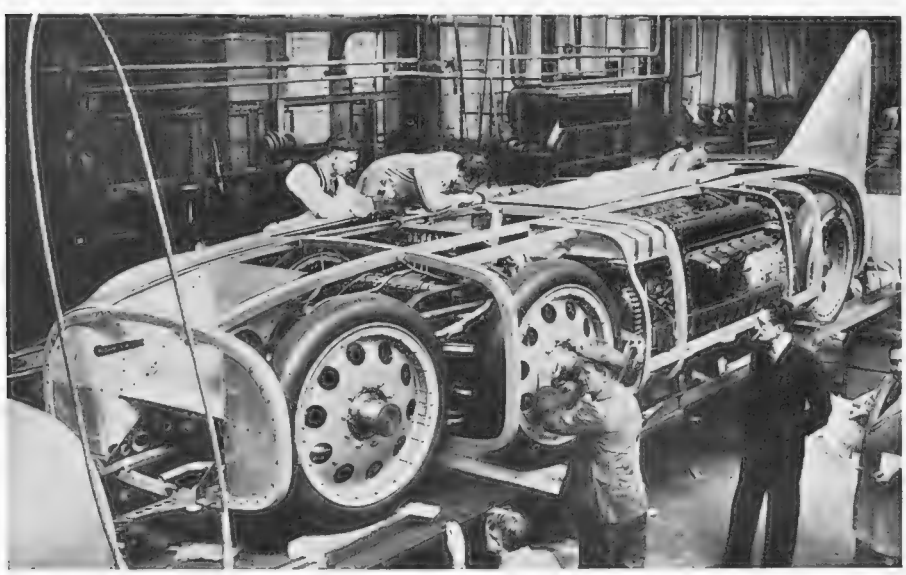
The very acute left-hand hairpin, about one-third of the way up the hill, is one of those corners which "keep on keeping on," and it causes great difficulty to the unwary.

If you want to see a good, sporting show, call in at Dancer's End on your way home from the T.T.

Unique Rally of Twelve-Year-Old Cars

AN interesting feature of the Morris Car Rally to Lilleshall Hall on Sunday, September 12th (the day after the Shelsley Walsh Hill Climb), will be the inclusion of special sections to encourage entries from owners of bull-nose Morris cars. Although this type of car has not been built for twelve years, thousands are still in use.

Hitherto rallies and concours d'élégance have been designed to encourage the smartest and most modern of cars. Prizes in the Morris Rally will, however, be awarded to the oldest Morris car to arrive, as well as in the classes for the best-kept cars of the bull-nose type.



A Monster in the Making

Behind the guarded doors of a workshop near Wolverhampton (not photographer-proof, evidently) the car was built which Captain George Eyston designed and in which he plans to attack Sir Malcolm Campbell's land speed record on the salt beds near Salt Lake City (Utah). He has already left for America, and the car follows him with co-driver Denly. Meanwhile, American "Ab" Jenkins is building a car said to contain two 1800 h.p. engines, to beat Eyston's records

This England . . .

The Quantocks—from the road to Bagborough

DO the little lanes of England sometimes wind about for fun? Slopes they must take easily for the sake of horse and load . . . and skirt the marshland . . . and keep below the skyline on the downs, to see and not be seen. But has the countryman ne'er made a turn, the better to enjoy a well-loved view—and so added his twist to the way between Hither and Yon? For he loves his countryside as greatly as you or I, and with perhaps a deeper gratitude for its rich and lovely gifts. Certainly does he like his Worthington as well as we—and with perhaps a greater understanding of whence its richness comes.

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The Air Exercises

By Charles Ward

Once more the Air Exercises have ended, and, as usual at the post mortem, the old, old arguments have been turned over and examined under the spotlight. With regard to the success of the bombers, some of which broke through the highly organised defences, there is a point which many people are apt to overlook; but if they will examine the situation fearlessly, they will see that the success of the bombers is more a matter for satisfaction than dismay, for if our bombers had failed to reach their objective, it would have reflected on the efficiency of either the pilots or their equipment, perhaps both, and thus revealed our weakness where strength is needed, for the bomber is now generally admitted to be the most potent striking force in war. It comes to this: if our bombers could outwit the considerable forces arrayed against them both in the air and on the ground, then they should be able to pierce any defences which they might one day be called upon to assail—a fact which potential enemies are not likely to overlook. Let us not, therefore, worry ourselves unduly because some of the bombers broke through; had they all been intercepted and put out of action, the Air Ministry and the public would have had greater cause for concern.

The factor that has perhaps caused most controversy among experts was the abandonment of the operations owing to unsatisfactory weather conditions. Most of the old school take the view that this was wrong, because, if the Exercises are to be a serious test of war conditions (which they are), it is absurd to suppose that the enemy will choose a nice, bright, moonlight night to launch their raids. On the contrary, they will choose—if a choice is offered—just such weather as caused the cessation of operations. Therefore, if the ground defences can be rendered ineffective by bad visibility, the whole object of the operations becomes futile.

The Air Ministry has answered this question quite reasonably, pointing out that it was a waste of time and money to go on in conditions in which the ground defences could not get any practice. Quite apart from which, it would have endangered the aircraft and the lives of the pilots flying them. A serious accident would, no doubt, have provoked even more intense criticism, so it would seem that there was bound to be argument anyway.

Via Atlantic

The programme for the establishment of the North Atlantic Air Route is still going forward, and further flights of survey have been made between Ireland and Newfoundland by Imperial Airways and Pan-American Airways. Information of extreme value has been obtained from these flights, for they have provided, under practical operating conditions, tests not only of aircraft, engines, and navigating instruments, but also of the meteorological and wireless services. Flights are to be continued, and the next double crossing is to be made by "Caledonia" which, it will be recalled, made the crossing before "Cambria." Not the least remarkable thing about these flights is the way the logs of each trip compare accurately on essential factors with estimates made beforehand. An interesting aspect has been the way in which, thanks to rapid and efficient wireless signalling between aircraft in flight and ships and shore-stations, it has been possible for the flying-boats to make slight deviations from their pre-arranged courses in order to take advantage of increasing wind velocities, or to avoid areas where conditions would tend to reduce estimated cruising speeds.

Personalities on Salisbury Plain

They were photographed at the Royal Artillery Flying Club's first meeting at High Post Aerodrome, and are Colonel Wyndham Green, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Duncan and Mrs. Wyndham Green

Getting Down to Earth

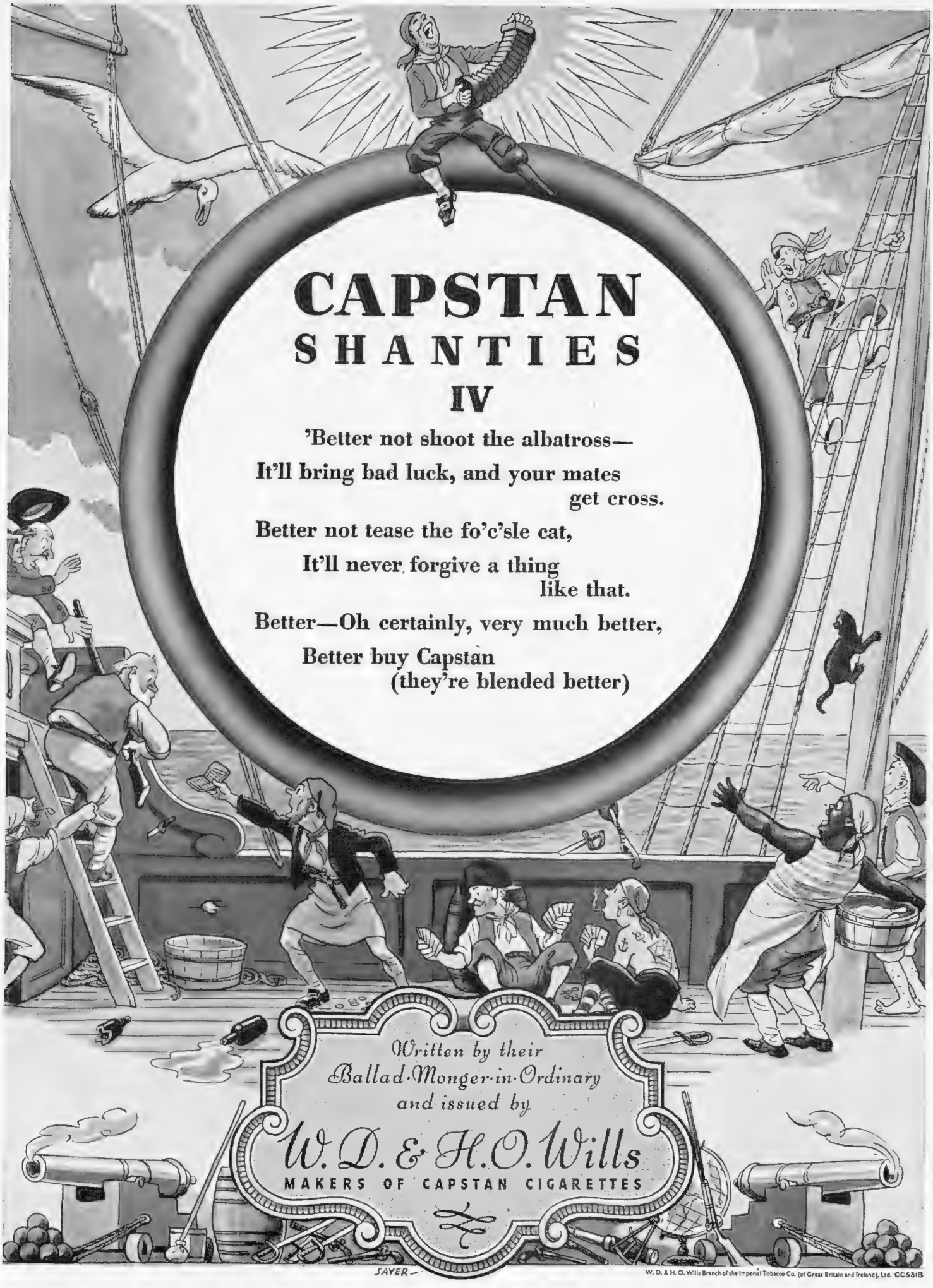
Captain W. E. Johns, well known in aviation circles, combines air activities with ground ones—namely, collecting and growing rare plants. He is publishing a book on this subject, with the title "The Passing Show," on October 1st

The King's Cup Race

The course of the Race has now been settled, and, as before, the first day's proceedings will consist of an eliminating competition, and the second a pure speed contest on handicap. On the first day, machines will be divided into two classes: those which have a speed in excess of 150 m.p.h., and those which are slower. The course has a rather wider range than hitherto, that of the first day being 782 miles, and the second 653 miles. The final run will be from Cardiff to Hatfield. The prizes, the cash portions of which have been augmented by Viscount Wakefield, will be: first, the King's Cup and £1000; second, £350; third, £150. On the first day, the best performer in each class will receive £200.

The Silent Side

Gliding seems to be taking a new lease of life; at any rate, what with new members and spectators, the London Gliding Club's ground at Dunstable is becoming a popular rendezvous. Motorless aircraft landing at Heston, Hatfield, and other near-by aerodromes, have attracted a lot of power-pilots to the Dunstable Downs to see what is going on. I hear that there were so many cars there last week-end, that traffic-control officers had to be sent for to keep the roads clear. The twenty-two German gliding pilots who have been staying at the Club—a sort of return gesture for the British gliders' visit to the Wasserkuppe—have left a pleasant spirit of camaraderie behind them.



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Treasured Interlude

(Continued from page 336)

Wolff's back. While I was in the nursing home, one of them nearly got my signature, through the innocence and credulity of my father, and this so alarmed Wolff that he sent me to recuperate at a villa belonging to a friend of his at Kifissia.

"Kifissia is a country resort outside Athens—pleasant but remote. That, of course, was the idea. Before leaving England, my father and I had to promise that I would neither sing nor disclose my identity to anyone. I travelled under my own name.

"The villa was next a much grander one that had a lovely garden, and every day as I rested after lunch I saw a young man sitting in the garden reading. One day he helped my father give orders to a Greek cabman, and we discovered he was English. We soon became friends, and one night we went to dinner with him, and I saw he had a piano in his drawing-room. I suppose I looked at it with interest; anyhow, he asked if I played or sang. My father and I exchanged glances, and I said that sometimes I tried to sing a little. He insisted that I should try now, and in a tiny voice, and breathing in all the wrong places, I made such havoc of 'Over the Sea to Skye' that I was never asked to perform again! Rather amusing, don't you think?

"Well, that friendship turned to love. It was not my first love-affair, as you can imagine, but the first as Pauline Fitzgerald. Other people loved the great and successful Paula Gallia, but this man loved *me*, and paid compliments to my person because he had never heard my singing voice. For once I was not overshadowed by my art.

"I enjoyed this, and perhaps I fell a little in love with this young man, who was a poet, so he told me. The house belonged to an uncle, in whose business he worked, and who was then in England. I never said who *I* was, not because of the promise, but because the truth would have set a gulf between us. Later, after he had poured out his heart and soul to me, I felt too ashamed to confess how all along I had been deceiving him."

At this point, Hart moved restlessly in his chair.

"You find the story too trivial, perhaps?" asked Mme. Gallia.

"You are going to allow me to publish it?"

"Certainly, if you think it is any good to you."

"I think it is going to be the best story in the book. What sort of poems did the young man write?"

"I really don't know. He read them to me, of course, but I don't understand poetry. I doubt if he ever made anything over them. But I do remember one. It was written to me, and he gave it to me for my own. I got Boyaz to set it to music, and the first time I sang on the air I sang that song. You see, Gallia is really very sentimental. Deep in her heart, she hoped that somewhere the poet might be listening, and then he would understand.

"For I felt it was best to leave him no address when I left Kifissia; nowhere where he could write, or come and find me. I told him to look on our romance as a beautiful . . . well, do you know, I believe I did call it an *interlude* in our lives. He suspected then that there was some mystery, and asked me to explain, but I left the explanation till our last evening together.

"That evening we drove along the coast to Phaleron, where he took us out in a little sailing skiff. Wolff would have had a fit at my doing anything so dangerous, but it was my father's idea, and out on the water I sang 'Over the Sea to Skye' as it should be sung.

"It was glorious to sing again, and I seemed wonderfully in voice. The whole vault of heaven was my auditorium and the sea my stage. I doubt if I ever sang better in my life, or put into a song a greater depth of feeling. And then I think he guessed something of my secret. He looked so infinitely sad, and was afterwards so silent. Well, that is the whole story, Mr. Hart. Perhaps it is rather foolish. And you haven't made a single jotting. You must have a better memory than I have."

"A little better," said Linden Hart. "It wasn't a sailing skiff; it was a rowing boat. I remember that because I did the rowing, and you were so nervous of getting wet in that thunder shower. But I didn't guess your secret. I thought I had never heard anything so lovely as that song. . . . But then, I don't know any more about music than you know about poetry."

THE END.

The "Bystander"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(16th Year) Ranelagh, October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, 1937

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(12th Year) Roehampton, October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, 1937

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.

ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Thursday, September 16th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by postcard. Such acknowledgment does not necessarily mean that the entrants will be entitled to play.*

On September 16th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reductions of handicap should be notified at once to Miss E. E. Helme.

The eight lowest handicap pairs in each tournament will be seeded.

Pairs who have reached any BYSTANDER Foursomes final during 1936 or 1937, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, have the option of being put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists*, and the entrants *must* state in which tournament they wish to play.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps; and from any other players at the discretion of the BYSTANDER.

Both foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅞ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss E. E. Helme* of the change.

The Proprietors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to accept or refuse any entry and to alter or amend any of these conditions. The decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1937 **No Entrance Fee**

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, not later than Thursday, September 16th.

Ladies' Autumn Foursomes—
Ranelagh, October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th

Roehampton Foursomes—
Roehampton, October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* .....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address .....

.....*Telephone No.*.....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

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Bassano

Sylvia Agnew

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Agnew, of Copse Hill, Greys, Henley-on-Thames; she is engaged to Christopher Richard Cecil Thursfield, younger son of the Rev. R. C. and Mrs. Thursfield, of Cranford Rectory, Kettering

Catherine Bell

Pauline de la Chapelle

Is the only daughter of Colonel Comte and Comtesse de la Chapelle, of Warehams, Rudgwick, Sussex, and is engaged to Philip Harley Marsh, only son of Dr. E. L. and the late Mrs. Marsh, of Shanghai

Lenare

Raymonde Georgette Gouache

Is the youngest daughter of M. and Mme. Gaston Gouache, of 15, Rue de Tocqueville, Paris 17e, and is engaged to Geoffrey Blyth Hood Clark, only son of Colonel and Mrs. J. W. Clark, of 12, Knightsbridge, S.W.

Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Lenare

Noelle O'Kelly

Left: Noelle de Pentheny-O'Kelly, second daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. de Pentheny-O'Kelly, of Uddens House, Wimborne, Dorset, is to marry Leo Callender, eldest son of the late Leonard Callender and Mrs. Callender, of 8, Palace Place Mansions, Kensington Court

Catherine Bell

Peggy Perkin

Margaret Mary Perkin, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Perkin, of 83, Shortlands Road, Bromley, Kent, is engaged to John Norton Briggs, of Southgate, elder son of the late Everett Norton Briggs and Mrs. Briggs

Douglas

Patricia Dick-Cleland

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dick-Cleland, of 47, Upper Grosvenor Street, W.1, and Newton, Nairn; she is engaged to Lieut. Gino Jori, Royal Italian Navy, former Assistant Naval Attaché to the Italian Embassy in London

Tunbridge

Peter Browning and Hope Verschoyle

Hope Verschoyle, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Denham Verschoyle, of 29, Riverview Gardens, S.W.13, has announced her engagement to Peter Campbell Browning, late 14/20th Hussars, younger son of the late Major J. R. Browning and Mrs. Browning, of Wargrave, Berks.

Right: Nita Mellor is the daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Mellor, of 70, Evelyn Gardens, S.W.7; she is engaged to John William Ryder Madden, Irish Guards, elder son of the late Lieut.-Col. J. C. W. Madden and Mrs. Madden, of The Old Rectory, Staunton-on-Wye, Hereford. The marriage is to be on September 22nd in the Guards' Chapel

Lenare

Nita Mellor

Brewis — Murray

Charles Richard Brewis, son of Capt. C. R. Brewis, R.N., and Mrs. Brewis, of Mayfield, Emsworth, Hants., married Elisabeth Helen Murray at St. John's, Perth. She is the daughter of the late Hon. Alexander Murray and Mrs. Murray, of Chapelton House, Forres

Duncan — Sinclair

At the Savoy Chapel, Strand, Leslie Duncan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan, of 84, Bodley Road, New Malden, Surrey, married Dorothy Sinclair, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Sinclair, of Littleton, Salisbury Avenue, Cheam, Surrey

Lunn — Carter

Charles Denis Lunn, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Lunn, of The Lees, Northallerton, Yorkshire, and Esmée Carter, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Carter, of Oxton Fens, Greatham, Co. Durham, were married at St. Paul's, West Hartlepool

Wassenaar — Wells

Andreas Dalein A. Wassenaar married Elfreda Catherine Wells at St. Andrew's Church, Hove, Sussex. The bride is the elder daughter of Mr. F. M. Wells and Mrs. Wells, of Tourtenay Towers, Hove

Hartley — Shilson

William Ronald Hartley, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hartley, of 18, Wood Lane, Ruislip, Middlesex, and Suzanne Elizabeth Shilson, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Shilson, of The Priory, Charlbury, Oxon., were married at St. Mary's, Charlbury

Right: Dr. Louis Seton Campbell, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Seton Campbell, of Tatsfield, near Westerham, Kent, married Eileen Patricia Fuller, younger daughter of the late Captain W. Blyth Fuller and Mrs. Charles Carington, of Ladder Stile Cottage, Kingston Hill, Surrey, at Brompton Parish Church

Campbell — Fuller

Booth — Inman

Left: Philip Alfred Booth, son of Alderman and Mrs. Alfred Booth, of The Manor House, Moortown, Leeds, and Margaret Helena Inman, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Inman, of Rosse Field, Park Drive, Heaton, Bradford, were married at Heaton

Right: at St. James's, Spanish Place, Francis Henry Fuller, 6th Rajputana Rifles, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Fuller, of Ridge Green House, Nutfield, Surrey, married Marguerite Yvonne Curtis; and Edward Brotherton-Ratcliffe, son of Mr. and Mrs. Brotherton-Ratcliffe, of The Tower, Kenley, Surrey, married Eleanor Marie Louise Curtis. The brides are daughters of Mrs. H. Curtis, of 74, Lexham Gdns.

Fuller — Curtis: Brotherton-Ratcliffe — Curtis

Getting Married

(Continued from page C)

Bassano

Marigold Day

Is the only daughter of Major and Mrs. S. Day, of Anloes, Great Missenden, Bucks., and is to marry John Hemus Fyfe, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Fyfe, of Mangrove Hall, Hertford

ouglas

Joanna Day

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Day, of Bridge Cottage, Chertsey ; she is engaged to Oswyn Kershaw Leach, the Suffolk Regiment, son of the Rev. N. K. and Mrs. Leach, of Riseholme Rectory, Lincoln

Lenare

Elinor Mary Thorburn

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Thorburn, of 4, Douglas Gardens, Edinburgh ; she is to marry George Ellis Langdon, only son of the late Rev. A. G. Langdon and Mrs. Langdon, of Hartwell, Knebworth

Press Portrait Bureau

Joan Whyte

Is the daughter of Sir Frederick and Lady Whyte, of 35, Great Cumberland Place, W.1 ; she is engaged to John Mackay, son of Mr. and Mrs. Allen Mackay, of Theddon Grange, Alton, Hants.

Lenare

Mimi Athill

Maud Leslie Athill, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. H. Athill, of 38, Sneath Avenue, N.W.11, is engaged to Jocelyn Henry Bonham-Carter, youngest son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. H. Bonham-Carter, of 51, Iverna Court, W.8

Catherine Bell

Nancy Richardson

Is engaged to Peter Schryver, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Schryver, of 56, Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3 ; she is the daughter of the late Colonel C. W. Richardson and Mrs. Richardson, of 4, Vicarage Gate, W.8.

Bassano

Patricia Browne

Is the elder daughter of the late Major T. W. Browne and Mrs. Browne, of 14, Southwood Court, N.W.11 ; she is to marry James George Sandell Compton, Royal Tank Corps, son of Mr. and the late Mrs. James Compton, of Medstead, Hants.

Kay Vaughan

Joan Woollan

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Woollan, of Haywards Heath, Sussex, and has announced her engagement to Allan Wheen Ellis, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Ellis, of Oxted, Surrey

Tunbridge

Alicia Macpherson

Is the eldest daughter of the late Archibald Macpherson and Mrs. Macpherson, of 8, Hyde Park Gate, W. ; she is engaged to Ian Gilbert Gunn, eldest son of Col. and Mrs. Gilbert Gunn, of Craoich, Bonar Bridge, Sutherland

Fayer of Vienna

Priscilla Lendon

Is the elder daughter of the late Capt. P. B. Lendon and Mrs. Lendon, of Spring Field, Shere, Guildford, and is engaged to Capt. E. H. W. Cobb, R.E., son of the late W. H. Cobb and Mrs. Cobb, of Oak House, Banghurst, Basingstoke

Lenare

Gabrielle Scovell

Is the daughter of Canon F. G. and Mrs. Scovell, of Rawmarsh Rectory, Yorkshire, and has announced her engagement to Denis Francis Kerr, son of the Rev. W. F. Kerr and Mrs. Kerr, of Treeton Rectory, Yorkshire

Lenare

Joy Goodbody

Marion Joyce Goodbody, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. Goodbody, of Timbers, Easking, Surrey, has announced her engagement to Hugh Bainbridge, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Bainbridge, of The Manor House, Coltishall, Norfolk

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

September 1 — September 7

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Malcolm Keen is in the name-part of this amusing, crooked long-runner: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Fri., 2.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BUXTON FESTIVAL.—The Old Vic company, with Diana Wynyard, Emlyn Williams and Marie Ney, in a season of Shakespeare, Ibsen, and Shaw.

THE FIRST LEGION.—A sincere and gripping treatment of the miracle question in a Jesuit brotherhood among whom are C. V. France, Franklin Dyall and Colin Keith-Johnston: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GERTIE MAUDE.—Carol Goodner is the centre of this interesting but rather ordinary van Druten play: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

JUDGMENT DAY.—Elmer Rice at his best in a dramatically full-blooded comment on dictatorships; big and young cast acts well: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

OLD MUSIC.—Whistler's décor, Benda's dresses, Greer Garson, Hugh Williams and Celia Johnson's acting are the best things about another pseudo-Victorian romance: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

SARAH SIMPLE.—A. A. Milne's quiet comedy has divorce and re-marriage in the air between a charming, determined Leonora Corbett and a complacent A. R. Whatmore: Garrick, 8.40. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

THE TEMPEST.—Viola Tree as Juno; Leslie French, Ion Swinley, Laidman Browne: Open Air Theatre, 8.15. Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TIME AND THE CONWAYS.—Priestley's newest follows a time theme in a family with Jean Forbes-Robertson as daughter: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., 2.30

VICTORIA REGINA.—The top production of the summer. Pamela Stanley's Queen is fine acting, Carl Esmond excellent as Albert; the Whistler settings are superb: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—Colourful and fairly tuneful romance of the Russian revolution has Roger Treville and Muriel Angelus in the lead, Clifford Mollison in the funny part: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 95.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slap-stick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

ST. MORITZ.—Pamela Prior heads the skating and other stars in this winter sports spectacle with a real ice stage: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

Mirth and Mystery

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle in St. John Ervine's sparkling long-runner: Whitehall, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.—Dennis Arundell and Veronica Turleigh as Dorothy Sayers' ready-made but amusing detective couple, in an effective if simple plot: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Lively laughter-maker with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond. Leueen McGrath and Guy Middleton: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noël Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's: 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE GUSHER.—Pure episodic melodrama, swift in action and spectacular in production, has Christine Barry, Jack Livesey and Ivan Samson in the leads: Prince's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school-life comedy continues again, with Frederick Leister, J. H. Roberts, John Ford, Rosalyn Boulter: Aldwych, 8.30 Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

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LONDON AFTER DARK.—Marion Lorne tremulously in trouble again with a typical Hackett plot whose suspense is well-maintained: Apollo, 8.30. Tues. Sat., 2.30.

A SPOT OF BOTHER.—Alfred Drayton and Robertson Hare and some smugglers cause the bother in an out-and-out farce: Strand, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30

THEY CAME BY NIGHT.—By the author of *Dr. Clitterhouse*, this thriller about crooks has the same pleasing touch; Owen Nares and Ursula Jeans: Globe. 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WANTED FOR MURDER.—Rather an ingenious thriller with a variety of novel scenes gives Louise Hampton, Arthur Sinclair, Austin Trevor good parts; Terence De Marney draws the maniac murderer skilfully: Lyceum, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30

"Gertie Maude"

Carol Goodner gives a tender performance as the 1911 chorus-girl heroine of John van Druten's play. She is seen here with her lover (Hargrave Pawson), who later causes her a lot of trouble. At the St. Martin's

First Nights *(See also Ballet)*

CREST OF THE WAVE.—Ivor Novello's latest is promised as bigger than any other and moves from England through Hollywood to Rio; Dorothy Dickson, Zena Dare, Ena Burrill; Leontine Sagan produces: Drury Lane, to-night, 1st.

LONDON RHAPSODY.—George Black's newest riot with the Crazy Gang comes with good reports from the South Coast: Palladium, to-night, 1st.

RICHARD II.—The first of Gielgud's season stars him and Peggy Ashcroft, Leon Quartermaine, Michael Redgrave, Glen Byam Shaw: Queen's, Mon., 6th.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.—The Regent's Park company in one of Shakespeare's wittiest: Open Air Theatre, Mon., 6th.

THE PHANTOM LIGHT.—Edna Best and Gordon Harker get into trouble in a mystery lighthouse: Haymarket, Tues., 7th.

CINEMAS

ACTION FOR SLANDER (British).—Clive Brook stars with Ann Todd and Margaretta Scott in Victor Saville's film: London Pavilion.

A CASTLE IN FLANDERS (German).—Marta Eggerth acts brilliantly opposite Paul Hartmann, and sings some husky melodies in this modern romance: Berkeley

EASY LIVING (American).—Edward Arnold, Ray Milland and Jean Arthur in a smarty comedy of errors in high life; first-class light entertainment: Carlton.

THE EMPEROR'S CANDLESTICKS (American).—Orczy's novel has already been filmed in Vienna; America's version is wealthier if not richer, with Luise Rainer and William Powell: Empire.

FOR YOU ALONE (American).—Grace Moore still sings but musical comedy, not opera, and does it excellently: Cary Grant opposite: Tivoli.

HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME (American).—A musical costume picture about the oil-tapping 'nineties; Irene Dunne and Randolph Scott: Plaza.

HIS AFFAIR (American).—Robert Taylor has Barbara Stanwyck opposite and Victor McLaglen alongside in a good tale of crime for a noble end: Gaumont.

LET'S MAKE A NIGHT OF IT (British).—Buddy Rogers and June Clyde head a huge variety cast with several dance bands in this musical: Regal

LOST HORIZON (American).—This long runner from Hilton's book has some splendid shots and a good story and some watery philosophy; Ronald Colman, Jane Wyatt, Edward Everett Horton: Marble Arch Pavilion.

REMOUS (French).—Jean Galland in Edmond Greville's famous marital problem drama: Studio One.

STRADIVARIUS (French).—A violin by the great maker with a curse on it is the leitmotif; Edwige Feuillère and Pierre Richard Willm star in this sombre film: Curzon.

UNDER THE RED ROBE (British).—Conrad Veidt and Annabella are the stars, with Raymond Massey as Richelieu, in another ambitious historical panorama from Stanley Weyman: New Gallery.

YIDDLE WITH HIS FIDDLE (Polo-Yiddish).—A Jewish comedy set in Poland with Yiddish dialogue, fine country shots and curious sense of humour; Molly Picon leads: Academy.

BALLET

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AURORA'S WEDDING, PETROUCHKA, PRINCE IGOR.—Mon., 6th.

LA BOUTIQUE FANTASQUE, FRANCESCA DA RIMINI CIMAROSIANA.—Tues., 7th.

MUSIC

THE THREE CHOIRS' FESTIVAL.—Is held at Gloucester this year, and is visited by Kodaly and the L.S.O Sun., 5th (till 10th).

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducts the B.B.C. Orchestra in the perennial season of representative music: Queen's Hall, 8.15:

BRAHMS CONCERT.—Academic Festival overture, piano concerto in D minor (Clifford Curzon), 3rd symphony; also Handel and Butterworth: To-night 1st.

MIXED CONCERT.—Isobel Baillie and William Primrose are the solists; Weber, Bloch, Sibelius, Tchaïchowsky and Liszt the composers: Thurs., 2nd.

BEETHOVEN CONCERT.—Prometheus overture, song, "Adelaide" (Heddle Nash), violin concerto in D (Ida Handel); Handel's organ concerto in G minor (G. D. Cunningham), Bach's Fantasia and Fugue in C minor: Fri., 3rd.

MIXED CONCERT.—Joan Cross, Harold Williams Louis Kentner are the soliosts; Weber, Verdi Liszt, Handel, Moussorgsky, Beethoven, Walton and Schubert the composers: Sat., 4th.

WAGNER CONCERT.—May Busby, Arthur Carron and Arthur Fear are the soloists in excerpts from the operas; also first London performance of a Frederic Austin overture, three de Falla dances: Mon., 6th.

MOZART-HAYDN CONCERT.—Margaret Balfour and Ronald Stear in recitative and ariae; Mozart's Haffner symphony and violin concerto in A (Jean Pougnet), Haydn's London symphony: Tues., 7th

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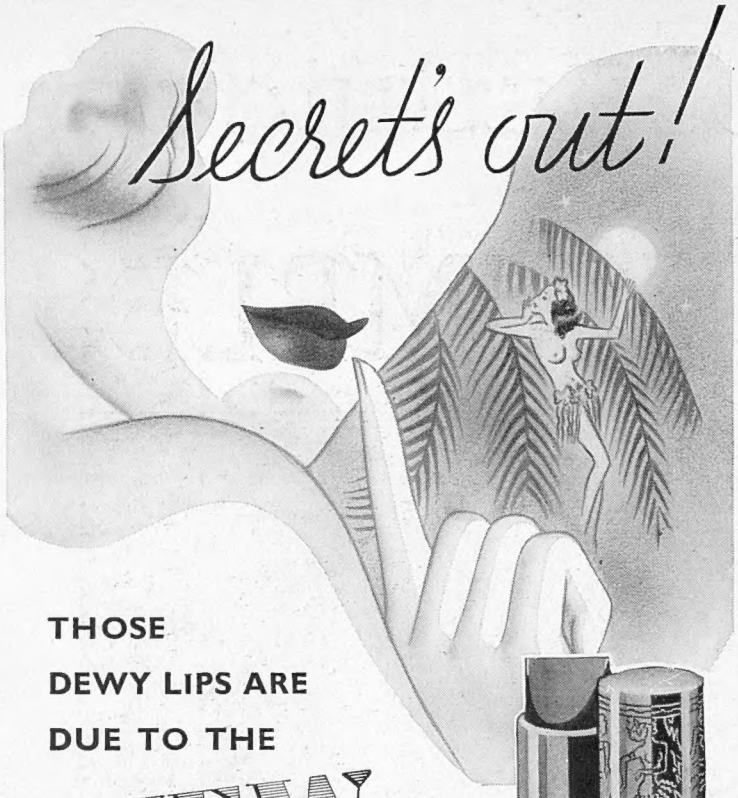

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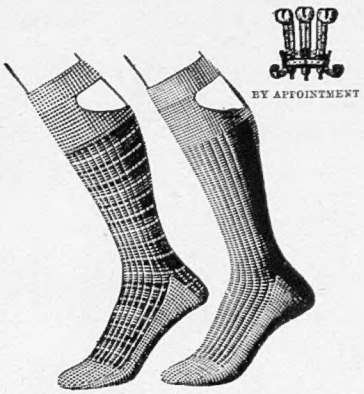

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